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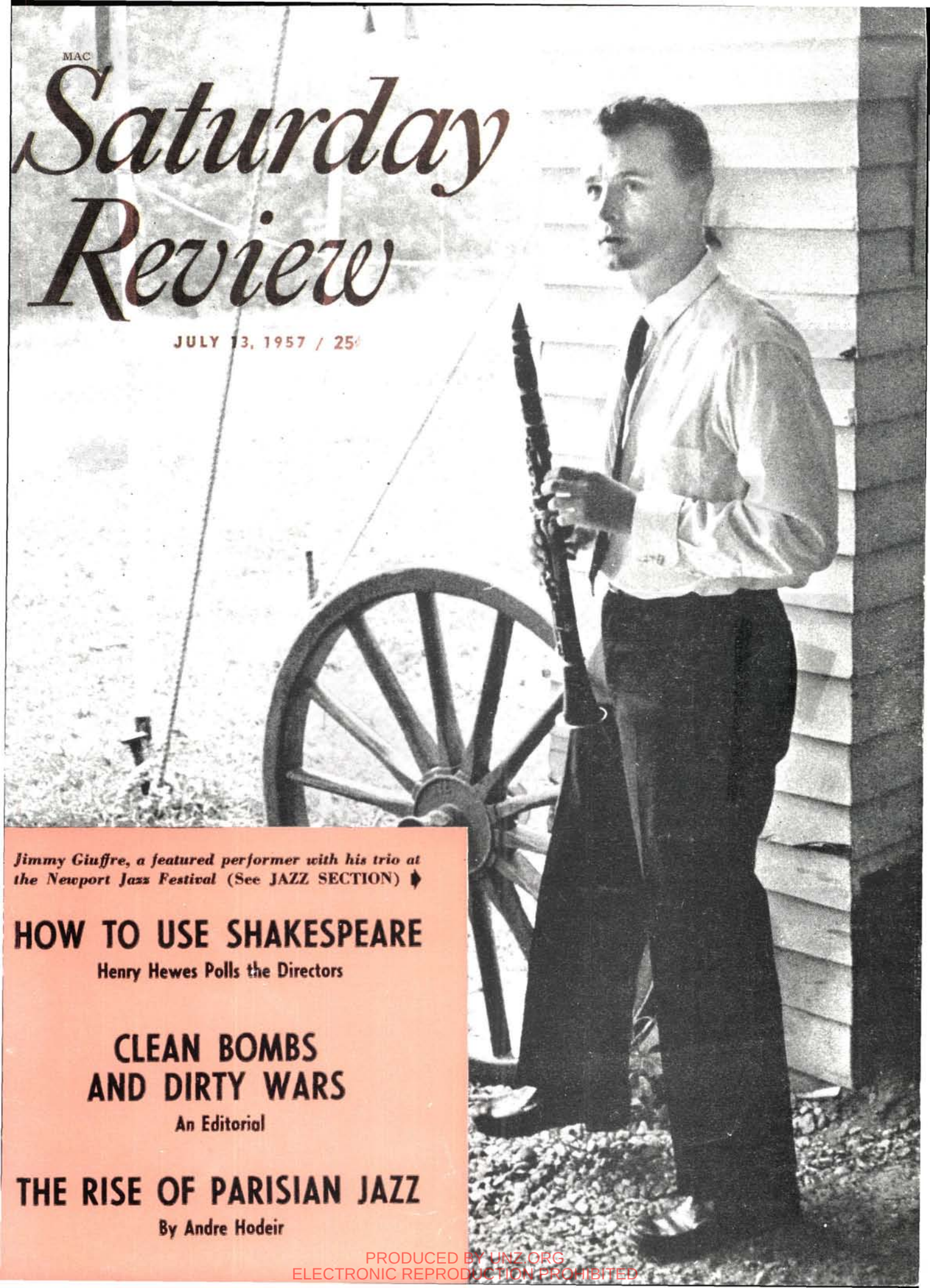

Jimmy Giuffre, a featured performer with his trio at the Newport Jazz Festival (See JAZZ SECTION)

HOW TO USE SHAKESPEARE

Henry Hewes Polls the Directors

CLEAN BOMBS AND DIRTY WARS

An Editorial

THE RISE OF PARISIAN JAZZ

By Andre Hodeir

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SHOESTRING START

"Like a shoestring catch in center field, make it and you're the hero. Muff it and you're a dope. He made it." Thus New York's colorful *Daily News* reported the dramatic conducting debut of 25-year-old Leonard Bernstein. The day before, without a single rehearsal (and wearing a gray business suit, because he didn't own a tail coat) he had led the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York as an eleventh-hour substitute for ailing Bruno Walter. This was the general public's first and by no means last glimpse of the most versatile musician to come along since Mozart. Since then he has illuminated Broadway with three musicals; composed ballets, symphonies and an opera; been acclaimed as a piano virtuoso; discussed Bach, Beethoven and jazz on television; acquired a tail coat and conducted nearly every major orchestra in the world. Mr. Bernstein can be heard on Columbia in all of his many capacities. His latest album again brings him before the Philharmonic-Symphony, this time as one of its two permanent musical directors.

STRAVINSKY: Firebird Suite
TCHAIKOVSKY: Romeo and Juliet —Overture-Fantasy.
ML 5182 $2.98 (July only)

TOUR CONDUCTOR

Someone has observed that if all the records ever made by Andre Kostelanetz were stacked in a single pile it would be a great pity—since the owners of these more than 25 million pressings would thereby be deprived of 25 million hours of pure enjoyment. A thoroughly joyful man himself, Kosty brings out the joy in music. There's no finer demonstration of this than his latest album, in which he takes us on a musical tour de force that manages to dock in Spain, Brazil, England and the Orient, all within the space of 50 minutes. The ship's orchestra couldn't be in better form: it's the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York.

GRAND TOUR: works by Chabrier, Villa-Lobos, Falla, Cyril Scott, Elgar and others.
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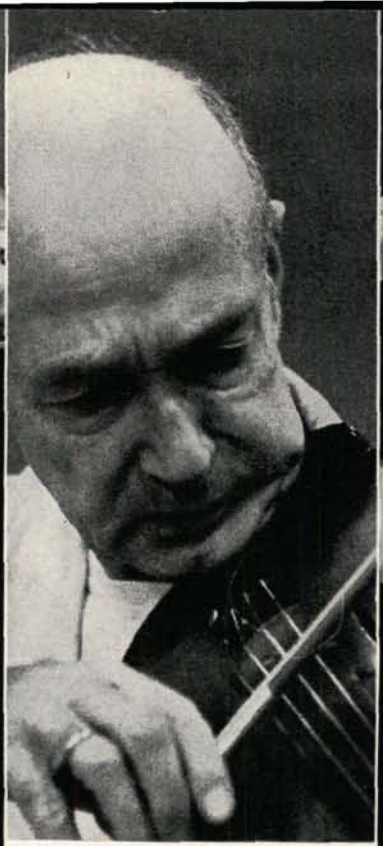

AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART

During the 1956-57 concert season, violinist Joseph Szigeti has been occupied with what he calls "an affair of the heart." In a series of three-night stands across the country he has performed a program of eleven sonatas, all written in the 20th century. A formidable undertaking even for so towering an artist as Szigeti, he thinks of it as "a sort of summing up of all my pioneering activities." Five of the sonatas were given their premiere performances by him; and many of them are popular today largely because of their frequent inclusion in Szigeti recitals. On this new release he plays three of the works from his 20th Century Cycle, among them the famous Sonata by Maurice Ravel, which Szigeti introduced to this country in a joint recital with the composer in 1928.

RAVEL: Sonata for Violin and Piano
HINDEMITH: Sonata No. 3 in E for Violin and Piano (1935)
PROKOFIEV: Sonata for Violin Solo, Op. 115. Five Melodies for Violin and Piano, Op. 35a
ML 5178 $3.98

HANDS ACROSS THE PYRENEES

As far as most listeners and critics are concerned, Manuel de Falla's "Nights in the Gardens of Spain" has become the personal property of Robert Casadesus. His performance of it, in tonal beauty, and in its amazing guitar-like effects, is second to none. That the work of a Spanish composer should become the specialty of a French pianist is not a bit out of order when you consider (a) that M. Casadesus' family is Spanish in origin (the name comes from Casa de Jesus) and (b) that Falla was very much under the influence of Gallic impressionism when he wrote the piece, at the end of a seven-year sojourn in Paris. "Nights" is, in fact, a typical product of the Franco-Spanish musical good neighbor policy which has been in operation ever since Bizet's Carmen lit her first cigarette and sang her first Habanera. It has resulted in such dazzling international confections as Debussy's "Iberia" and Ravel's "Bolero." The present Falla-Casadesus-"Nights" collaboration is evidence that this policy is still in effect—and for the good of all concerned.

FALLA: Nights in the Gardens of Spain; Three Dances from "The Three Cornered Hat"; Interlude and Dance from "La Vida Breve." Robert Casadesus, pianist, the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Cond.
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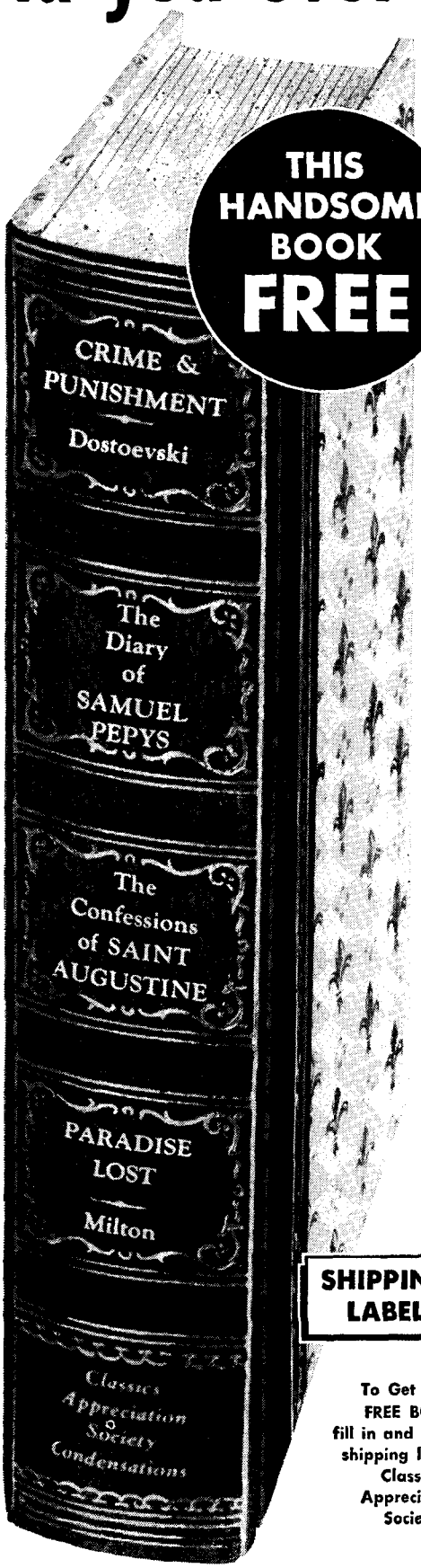

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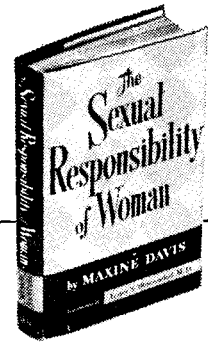
The Sexual Responsibility of Woman

By MAXINE DAVIS



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TRADE Winds

WEATHER-WISE, IT IS HOT. This is certainly no time to call a snowman names. In fact, I would like to own an abdominal one who would place soothing snow on my stomach.

These are the abominable thoughts that come to one in the heat, particularly after having searched in vain for some advice through "A Dictionary of American-English Usage, Based on Fowler's Modern English Usage," an admirable guide in most circumstances. I wanted to find out how to talk about people dying. I still don't know.

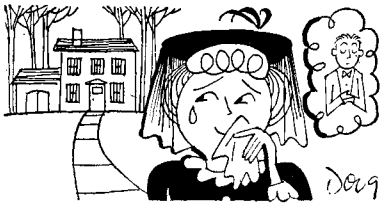
The Christian Science Monitor never says anybody died, I understand. It reported, for instance, that Senator McCarthy "passed on."

One of the neatest euphemisms was by the cowboy who sang, "I'm Headin' for the Last Round-Up."

President Eisenhower talked frankly a while back and referred to "the Grim Reaper" stepping in.

Insurance people are awfully embarrassed. A New York Life man recently spoke to the public in Grand Central Station and brought his pitch to a close by talking about "the man of the house," and, using the subjunctive mood nicely, said, "If he were to be prematurely removed from the picture . . ."

On a recent television spectacular the John Hancock people commercialized a lot about life-insurance policies (they never call them death-insurance, which is what they really are), and finally struck home: ". . . and under the John Hancock plan if anything happens to you your wife



would own your home free and clear!" If anything happens to me. I still don't know what the fellow had in mind.

How about this? "John A———— T————, Missouri '16, crossed the last horizon of his active and contributive life and joined his brother Sigma Chis in the Chapter Eternal of The White Cross."

The capital letters make everything so impressive and final. Maybe this is better: "If Anything Happens to You."

Leave it to Paul Harvey, the columnist and radio commentator. On his program the other day he told of the colorful life of an eighty-nine-year-old barber in Texas who had just died: "Johnny Dixon took one last look over his shoulder, then heard The Master Barber call, 'Next!' "

I think I hear my editor (no capitals for him, by George) calling to me, "Drop dead!"

HENCE, LOATHED MELANCHOLY! Tomi Ungerer, a young Strasbourger who now lives and works in this country, likes to walk and hitchhike around the world. He has traveled throughout Europe that way, painting and drawing, and presumably will do the same here. He has always been very fond of pigs, as friends not as fare, and feels that there has been prejudice against them. Once when he was hitchhiking he shared quarters with a truckload of pigs and found them "very hospitable indeed."

It's no surprise, then, to find that "The Mellops Go Flying," Tomi's first children's book, is not about people. The Mellops are a pig family, and an ingenious and interesting one. In October out will come "The Mellops Go Diving for Treasure," and in the Spring the Mellops will strike oil.

Ungerer has created a whole porcine world, beyond that of the Mellop family. His Pig Folio contains drawings of one porker on the subway swiping another's wallet. He's a pig-pocket. An African scene shows some big pig hunters surrounded by some little pigmies. Another, in the city, shows a swine at the wheel of his car, stopped next to a sign that says "No Porking." Down the Mississippi River comes a sidewheeler, with a bunch of pigs singing, "Here comes the Sow Boat!" And naturally there is an operetta entitled, "Porky and Bess." In the pig's literary world Shakespeare and Bacon are important, too, just like here.

I HEARD THAT A CUSTOMER came into a Milwaukee bookstore and asked for Philip Wylie's latest book, "Innocents and Bastards." My interpretation is that this person was an old Wylie fan and knew darn well what to look for.

Wylie's latest book ("The Innocent Ambassadors," of course) was the result of a quick trip he and his wife, Ricky, took from their Florida home to Hawaii to see their first grandson. They went on around the world. The book is the usual Wylie stuff. That is, you can't stop reading it.

He told a lot about the world he went around, but he didn't say much about the little boy who is really responsible for the book. That's Tedmund, now eighteen months old. His mother, Karen Wylie Pryor, is an advocate of natural childbirth, and figured she would be up the next day doing the chores. It didn't work out quite that way. The baby weighed nine pounds eight ounces, arrived late, and Karen did have to spend a few days in the hospital.

Tedmund was Phil's brother's name (Ted Wylie figures in the book in a most exciting way), and is the archaic

and original form of Edmund. In the Pryor and Wylie families there is a shortage of family names for the grandchildren that are coming along. The big news now is that Karen expects another baby in the Fall, and no one has the vaguest idea what to call it.

"When the time comes," Ricky says, "it's going to be hard to resist going to Hawaii again. But this time we won't go on around the world."

"You can't tell," Phil argues. "We've done an awful lot of expensive things."

THE ST. LOUIS HUMANE SOCIETY got a call a couple of weeks ago from Loew's State theatre. Seems that a goldfish was choking on a peanut and was in imminent danger of drowning. A Society officer responded immediately, and found the goldfish in the theatre lobby pool. He took the fish from the water with a minnow net, and pried the peanut from its throat with a bobby pin. Back in the water, the fish swam around in apparent relief. It was a front-page story, and the next day customers kept the ushers busy pointing out the goldfish that was saved from an untimely death.

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: ▶ Paul Manship is not the clever art of being Paul; it is a famous American sculptor. ▶ A drunken man in a bar-room picked up a sandwich and threw it

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against the mirrored wall. "There's food for reflection," said a bystander.

► Did the Puritans laugh at anything? They didn't laugh at this. They thought a pregnancy lasted nine months—to the day. So if a baby was conceived on a Thursday, then nine months later on Thursday the baby was born. Sunday was a real day of rest; in fact, they did nothing, just sitting with hands folded, almost literally: no activity of any kind. There was real excitement when the minister's wife, who was pregnant, had a baby on Sunday.

► "Frank Scalise, fifty-five, long-time underworld figure," reported the radio recently, "was shot and killed in gangland style yesterday as he stopped in the doorway of a Bronx fruit store to light a cigarette." Immediate comment by sarcastic teenager: "I guess they didn't want him to get cancer."

► Did you hear about the pawnbroker's daughter who wouldn't allow much on the old couch?

► Virginia Brasier of San Bernardino wrote three poems, one of which was entitled "Communion." She submitted them to a New York newspaper, and received two of them back with a printed rejection slip from the Poetry Editor, who had also jotted down, "We are holding Communion."

► Lambert Fairchild, president of The Blizzard Men of 1888, writes: "You want to know where to go in unscrambling *etaoin shrdlu*. Let's all *shout Ireland*, a great *soldier haunt* where they *hurt no ladies*. Then following *roads in Thule*, to *Iran do hustle*. We *hear old Tunis* is attractive but maybe we have gone far enough."

► Tom Jackson of Fawcett Publications says that when Eli Whitney caught one of his slaves burglaring the plantation bar he shouted, "Get your cotton-pickin' hands out of my gin!"

► Ben Price of the *New York Herald Tribune* was at a convention at one of those big old Southern resort hotels where the tipping rages uncontrolled. He was getting out of a cab and handed the driver a dollar bill, saying, "Could you give me change for this?" The taximan looked at Ben reproachfully, "Down here, suh, a dollar *is* change."

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

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A FOREIGN SERVICE MAN COMES HOME

—Drawing by Steinberg from "The Passport" (Harper).

By ARGUS TRESIDDER

I AM a Foreign Service Officer—not a professional who has made a career of representing the United States abroad, but one who entered the service "laterally," from settled civilian life. Until 1949, when I first went to Ceylon as a Public Affairs Officer in the United States's overseas information program, I knew my country in the normal casual way of Americans at home. That is to say, I took for granted such things as good roads, luxurious bathrooms and kitchens, water that can be safely drunk from taps anywhere, freedom from fear, a government deriving its "just powers from the consent of the governed," and all the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence. On appropriate occasions I felt my back prickle when bands played "The Star-Spangled Banner," and during the War I was in uniform. But I never thought much about my homeland until I got away from it.

At first the emphasis was upon deprivation: no celery, no baseball, no Philharmonic concerts, no apples, no change of seasons, no milk-shakes. I missed big libraries, unboiled water, fruit that one could eat without dunking it first in potassium permanganate, Sunday papers, privacy, elms and sycamores, robins and mocking birds, lilacs and daffodils. Halfway around the world, half a day different in time, was America, with wide highways, snow, football games, familiar politics, Broadway shows, the Smoky Mountains, crack trains, pure milk, corn-on-the cob, the Museum of Modern Art, and the Fourth of July.

Then suddenly I began to see new, sometimes alarming glimpses of the United States. From my country came occasional movies that made me cringe. Young Ceylonese men in trousers too wide at the bottom imitated the worst of American jive talk and admired the superficial glamour of the American life as pictured in some of the films. Over the radio came nasal American hill-billy voices, endlessly whining about never-loving-brown-eyes-no-more. Several times a week Radio Ceylon sent a 100-kw signal north to India, west to Africa, east to Malaya, carrying American gospel messages, paid for at the highest rates. Some of our visitors from home talked too much about the American way of life, criticizing the Ceylonese for their meager industrial development, their primitive agricultural methods, their high birth-rate, their standards of hygiene. Often what they said was in some measure true, but their way of speaking was patronizing and even rude. America has everything, they said. How much better off the world would be if the people of backward countries would only copy our superior ways of doing things!

THE newspapers I read were supplied by Reuter's and Press Trust of India dispatches rather than by the United Press or the Associated Press. They did not seem to agree that the hub of the universe was Washington. I gathered that outside of the United States our politics often seem hopelessly naive and even stupid, that stories about violations of civil liberties, intolerance, corruption, crime, mass thoughtlessness, delinquency, taken out of context, often made us internationally unattractive.

The most embarrassing stories were, unfortunately, quite true: the Nisei farmer whose son had fought with the

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American army in Italy, whose neighbors hounded him out of the state because they hated all Japanese; the shameful mistreatment of Negro tenants in housing projects; the wanton destruction of school property by gangs of teen-agers and the "blackboard jungles"; the stockpiling of surplus food to keep prices up, while the rice crop was dangerously below normal in Asia; the talk about hydrogen bombs. We knew that the whole story was not being told, that for every example of racial intolerance in the United States there were scores of examples of improvement in interracial relationships, that the headlined evidence of American hysteria over Communism and witch-hunting, as it was called even in friendly newspapers, did not reflect the sensible opinions of large sections of the American public. The leftist papers, which were freely printed in India and Ceylon, of course, heightened the effect of this incomplete reporting. America was pictured as the home of greedy, warmongering, arrogant haters of all colored people, including the Chinese and all the brown and black-skinned peoples of Asia and Africa.

IN THE field, we did our best to correct these false impressions of America and to tell the whole story. In spite of our faith in our country and our efforts, however, we occasionally wondered just what *was* going on at home. Some of the things we read about in our news magazines and in late-arriving copies of the international edition of *The New York Times* made us a little apprehensive. Just how much *did* witch-hunting represent the real spirit of the United States? Had television really taken the place of conversation in a country whose TV sets occupied as much as four hours a day of children's time outside the school?

These were some of the questions in our minds when we went home not long ago on leave. We had two months of accumulated home leave, and two more months for the study of Turkish at the Foreign Service Institute in Washington. It was our chance to observe our country at close range and to reassess our judgments. Here, for what they are worth, were our new impressions recorded after the first wonder had worn off of seeing stores full of luxuries and the satisfaction of being among our own people again, hearing no strange languages, seeing no strange costumes, drinking milk we knew was pure, and not worrying about salads.

We were able to go back overseas that autumn reassured. It is true that we did not have much time to explore the inner spirit or to gather statistics showing that we are not like the Roman Empire in decline, that on the whole we do not frantically seek sensations, higher horsepower, more ulcers, more suicides, more divorces, larger cinema screens, bigger bosoms —after us the deluge! But we did notice a number of quiet, wonderful things that renewed our faith and made us realize that the picture of America which has been built up in foreign minds by Hollywood films and distorted news reports and some foolish tourists and blatant gospel messages and a few talkative politicians is very, very false.

As I wrote them down, some of the things I remembered seemed too simple and trivial to be very effective refutation of the "Uncle Shylock—nation of materialists" legend. But to us they were significant and tremendously comforting as we took our place again in a foreign post. Certainly they helped us explain what America is to the people of Turkey, among whom we lived for the next two years.

Take for example the revolution in the home called "do it yourself." Wherever we had gone, we had found people happily returning to a kind of frontier life in which the man of the house not only provides food and clothing, but serves as his own plumber, carpenter, gardener, mechanic, and painter. Our overseas friends who are baffled by the simple mysteries of electric fuses and who scornfully leave household chores to wives and servants cannot understand a society in which there are no servants and where ordinary labor is so expensive that a family with average income must learn to hang wallpaper, paint the house, mow the lawn, and make new storm-windows, or do without. The amazing thing about Americans is that they have made a big game of doing it themselves. They not only fix the doorbell, but buy power tools and make their own furniture. They not only take care of their own automobiles, but build boats and finish that extra room in the attic.

The new America is characterized by increasingly self-reliant family groups. Television has made the attraction to the theatre and nightclub less tempting. But beyond the substitution of home entertainment for public entertainment there seems to be more satisfaction today in doing things as families than there used to be. Certainly boys and girls go dancing and drive too fast and start smoking and drinking and get into mischief, but the average family today, in spite of our divorce records, is a better integrated more wholesome unit than in the past.

TELEVISION has changed American habits perhaps more than any other influence. We had heard that when you go calling in the United States you are greeted with a warning to be quiet, ushered into a darkened room, handed a glass, and forced to sit through "I Love Lucy" or "The $64,000 Question" or "People Are Funny." We expected to find that in a society subjected to endless hours of sports, quiz shows, and mediocre drama no one would have time to read books or talk or think. To our surprise we discovered that, except among undiscriminating youngsters and unresourceful adults, television is by and large used very sensibly. Instead of creating a generation of myopic starers, bored unless they can be stimulated by television programs (or comic books), television has enlarged horizons and developed new interests. Conversation, in some part because of new subjects introduced by TV, is more stimulating than it used to be. I believe that the real force that put an end to the menace of McCarthyism was television, and that today the confusion over integration of schools in some Southern states will be clarified through the help of such fine TV reports as Ed Murrow's study of Clinton, Tennessee. Not only in the big cities, but in the small towns, wherever the magic of TV's coaxial cables reaches, the televised sessions of the U.N. during the debates over the British-French invasion of Egypt, the agonizing daily accounts of the fight for freedom in Hungary were closely watched. The people of the U.S. today are beyond doubt the best informed about current affairs in the world.

I am well aware that professional wrestling and giveaway shows attract far more viewers than "Omnibus" and the revealing exchanges of "Meet the Press." But what a marvelous opportunity Americans now have! While I was in Turkey I found occasion several times to tell how I had watched 275,000 tons of the crest of the American Falls at Niagara crumble into the gorge a few hours after the event, and how, obediently staying indoors as Hurricane Hazel hit Washington, I had seen trees blown over on the White House lawn ten blocks away from our TV set. And having experienced the magic of the first few presentations of "Disneyland," we were a little wistful

(*Continued on page* 40)

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HOW TO USE SHAKESPEARE

By HENRY HEWES

HOW valuable is Shakespeare scholarship and all the related philosophical speculation that has made its way into print?

In days gone by, when most people had to enjoy the Bard's plays only in print, editors and literary interpreters certainly performed a useful function in stimulating thousands into reading and thinking about the plays and in clarifying discouraging obscurities. But today we have entered the greatest renaissance of Shakespeare-performing that the world has ever known.

The contemporary Shakespeare fan is able to see many or even all of Shakespeare's plays acted on a stage, and much dry scholarship and wet nonsense on library shelves is challenged daily by life-filled productions. With this shift in emphasis from literary to theatrical experience, the director becomes the middle-man between the scholar and a mass audience. But the maze of books and edited texts is so vast that no one man has read or evaluated all of them.

The Saturday Review has therefore set out to survey the directors who have dealt most often and most successfully with the task of putting Shakespeare on the stage. It has done this in the hope that they will reveal to *SR* readers the books which have proved most useful in actual practice and the degree to which companion reading can be helpful.

The survey suggests that while scholars and interpreters are often fascinating the director finds them most illuminating *after* he has thought through his own approach to the play. Occasionally, a book that hypothesizes an unusual meaning for a Shakespeare play can stimulate a director to think freshly about the work by

NAME	1. WHAT EDITIONS OF THE PLAY DO YOU CONSULT BEFORE PRODUCING?	2. WHAT BOOKS AND ARTICLES HAVE YOU FOUND MOST STIMULATING IN THE FORMATION OF YOUR APPROACH TO SHAKESPEARE IN GENERAL? 3. FOR PARTICULAR PLAYS	4. WHICH OF YOUR PRODUCTIONS WAS BEST REALIZED
Sir Barry Jackson. *(Birmingham Repertory Theatre, England.)*	Any of the many good ones. The New Temple is both good and cheap (4s. 6d.), something to be considered when the company has to be provided with them.	The great scholars do not have the practical approach to the plays that the man of the theatre has. But the man of the theatre would be well advised to submit his cuts to the academic for approval. He will avoid many a gaffe if he does so. Men like Dover Wilson and Allardyce Nicoll have never failed me when I have been in doubt. Bernard Shaw, too, knew his Shakespeare inside out. He gave me, and friends of mine, many a practical hint. I sent the then very young Peter Brook to him before he was to direct "Romeo and Juliet" for me. Shaw told him: "Concentrate on virile fights and a Romeo that can weep."	"Henry VI, Parts I, II, and III," directed by Douglas Seale at Birmingham Rep. and also given in 1953 at Old Vic, London, editing done by me.
B. Iden Payne. *(Formerly Stratford, England, now University of Texas.)*	For working purposes the New Cambridge. I like the editorial adaptation of the Elizabethan punctuation—its dramatic foundation is so much more lively than modern grammatical punctuation. I generally re-read the First Folio and also a facsimile of a "good" Quarto if there happens to be one.	Most influenced by acting in F. R. Benson Company and working with Poel. Books I enjoyed most are Bradley's "Shakespearean Tragedy" and Murray's "Shakespeare." Useful for reference are Holznicht's "The Background of Shakespeare's Plays" and Chambers's "The Elizabethan Stage." Watkins's "On Producing Shakespeare" shows how actors must have used stage. 3. I like to do the plays free from literary associations. I once produced "Hamlet" along the lines of "What Happens in Hamlet." It came out well but was an experiment I should not like to repeat. I admire Granville-Barker's "Prefaces to Shakespeare" and the short chapters in Masefield's "William Shakespeare," but do not consult them.	"Troilus and Cressida," 1936. "Cymbeline," 1937, at Stratford. "Hamlet" at Carnegie Institute of Technology. "Hamlet" at University of Texas.
Anew McMaster. *(Gate Theatre Dublin, Ireland.)*	I am not conversant with American editions. I find the Temple a sound script and the notes are not so faulty as in the majority of editions published here.	I find Stanislavsky very satisfactory in my maturity, but it seems to me far better for young directors to study from nature and their own artistic sensibility. I am greatly interested in what great actors of the past have done in certain situations, although even these must not be slavishly copied. Ellen Terry's Biography, Craig's works, "Life of Henry Irving." Mrs. Siddon's Memoirs and Joseph Jefferson's Autobiography.	"Macbeth" with Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Lady Macbeth, and "King Lear," 1954, Gaiety Theatre, Dublin.
Tyrone Guthrie.	Any pocket edition because it's portable. Variorum because notes so comprehensive. First Folio Facsimile because look of old spelling suggests new ideas.	Granville-Barker's prefaces. Shaw's dramatic and musical criticisms. 3. Dover Wilson's "What Happens in Hamlet," though I disagree with nearly all that relates to the practical staging. Ernest Jones's "Hamlet and Oedipus."	Don't know. I've enjoyed the successes but feel some of my best work has been in the failures.
Glen Byam Shaw. *(Stratford, England.)*	The Arden for the notes. The New Temple because I can carry a volume in my pocket.	I have been most stimulated in the formation of my approach to Shakespearean production by working with John Gielgud, Michel Saint-Denis, George Devine, and Margaret Harris of Motley. 3. Those by A. C. Bradley and Harley Granville-Barker.	"Antony and Cleopatra," 1953, Stratford.
Margaret Webster.	Usually Oxford and New Temple because one is conservative and the other "modern" textually. Often the Dover Wilson New Cambridge. Refer always to the First Folio Facsimile and often to the Quarto facsimile in cases of disputed or variant texts.	I have "approached" this problem for some twenty-two years and read a huge amount of literature including all the books in Mr. Fletcher's list (*see below*). I don't think I read so much any more! Chambers is always invaluable as a reference. I would add to Mr. Fletcher's list Mark Van Doren's "Shakespeare" and old Dr. Johnson is never to be ignored. 3. Must reply much as above. Most cordially recommend the Barker Prefaces, Bradley on the Tragedies, Wilson on "Hamlet."	The uncut "Hamlet" for Maurice Evans, 1938, and "Henry VIII," 1947, for the American Repertory Theatre.
Michael MacOwan.	First Folio Facsimile. The punctuation line arrangement, and capital letters clearly indicate how the text was intended to be spoken and acted.	Granville-Barker's "Prefaces to Shakespeare," "The Elizabethan World Picture," by E. M. W. Tillyard. "On Producing Shakespeare," by Harold Watkins (with reservations on many of his ideas). The Essay on "Troilus and Cressida" in "The Frontiers of Drama," by Professor Una Ellis Fermour.	"Troilus and Cressida" (modern dress), 1938, London.
John Houseman. *(American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy, Stratford, Conn.)*	During the weeks when I am preparing I try to read the full uncut text, from end to end, once a day. So that the printed pages shall not become photographically repetitive, I use all the good standard editions. For notes and commentary I have found the New Cambridge and the New Arden satisfactory. Also Variorum for all kinds of relevant and valuable material. Though not up-to-date and rather hard to read it remains the most comprehensive of all editions.	Coleridge, Faguet, Lessing, Masefield, Bradley, Craig, Chambers, Granville-Barker, Wilson, Stanislavsky (on projected "Othello"), Brown, Knight, Hotson, Sprague. I have learned a lot from reading actors' memoirs and biographies. Contemporaneous criticism is always stimulating. Today we are all less concerned with the imaginative elaborations of a Bradley or the absolute moral-esthetic pronouncements of Dr. Johnson than with the physical and historic discoveries and reconstructions of current Shakespearean scholarship. The nearer we come to understanding the original social and physical circumstances of Shakespeare's productions, the more vitally we can plan and execute our own. 3. Ivor Brown's "Shakespeare" with its internal evidences of Shakespeare's emotional growth is revealing and useful. For "King John" I used pictures and medieval historic material. For "Measure for Measure" Mary Lascelles's monograph (though her interpretation is utterly opposed to my own) gave us the comprehension and confidence to undertake our own superficially "fancy" but, we believe, clear and comically revealing production of this so-called "dark" play.	"Coriolanus," 1954, at the Phoenix Theatre, New York, because I was able to make both Coriolanus and the Senators seem "right" according to their points of view.

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challenging him to prove the interpretation false.

Summarizing the results, we find majority agreement on:

1) The selection of a small portable text of the play.

2) The mistrusting of punctuation supplied by modern editors.

3) The reference value of the Variorum edition, and the notes in the Arden and New Cambridge editions. The Arden seems preferred because it prints its notes on the same page as the lines to which they refer.

4) The most valuable books for directors to read (in order of number of times mentioned): a) Granville-Barker's "Prefaces to Shakespeare"; b) Dover Wilson's "What Happens in Hamlet"; c) Sir Edmund Chambers's "The Elizabethan Stage"; d) A. C. Bradley's "Shakespearean Tragedy."

5) For technical production-information directors find most useful: a) Watkins's "On Producing Shakespeare"; b) De Banke's "Shakespearean Stage Production."

6) Modern productions most widely admired by directors (in order of their popularity): a) Peter Brook's "Measure for Measure"; b) Glen Byam Shaw's "Antony and Cleopatra"; c) Tyrone Guthrie's "Midsummer Night's Dream"; d) Sir John Gielgud's "Much Ado About Nothing"; e) Guthrie's "Troilus and Cressida"; f) Brook's "Titus Andronicus."

Among the older productions the most remembered: a) William Poel's "Measure for Measure"; b) Theodore Komisarjevsky's "King Lear."

7) The directors tend more to admire the successful staging of the obscure and difficult plays than they do the better known pieces. This is also true when evaluating their own work, except that six directors thought they had done best with "Hamlet."

8) Directors prefer stages which offer maximum flexibility and audience intimacy. The majority favored an open stage, though not a literal reconstruction of Shakespeare's own Globe.

9) Making Shakespeare meaningful includes much more than making sure that the actor understands each line he speaks. Skills of phrasing, voice quality, plus a passionate involvement of the actor in the action may hold the audience's attention more fully than an actor who has intellectually mastered the material.

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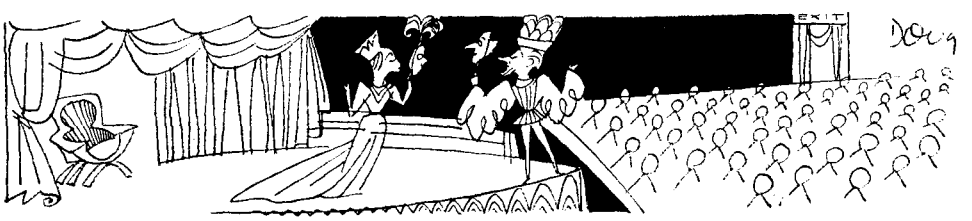
5. WHICH PRODUCTION BY OTHERS HAVE YOU ADMIRED MOST?	6. WHAT TYPE OF STAGE DO YOU PREFER FOR SHAKESPEAREAN PRODUCTIONS? 7. DO YOU FEEL THAT THE ACTOR IF ASKED SHOULD BE ABLE TO PARAPHRASE SHAKESPEARE'S LINES?
Poel's "Measure for Measure," 1908, opened my eyes to need for speed and simplicity. Brook's "Love's Labour's Lost," 1946, and his "Measure for Measure," 1950, Stratford.	Any kind provided the play can be seen and heard from it. 7. God help you if you treat actors like schoolchildren. Any obvious lack of comprehension can be handled tactfully during rehearsals. Not that comprehension is absolutely essential. A fine Shakespearean actress whom I knew very well delivered her lines with quite magnificent effect, but she hadn't the slightest idea what she was talking about. She freely admitted it. *All* the plays of William Shakespeare should be played for *all* they are worth, simply and speedily, and with taste. The words speak for themselves and it is a waste of time to seek to infuse them with subtleties and extraneous tricks.
Poel's "Measure for Measure," 1908; "Troilus and Cressida," 1913; Komisarjevsky's "King Lear," 1936-1937.	Nowadays I can only be happy using a modified form of Elizabethan setting. It is the only way to make the plays fully live and audiences feel it, too. 7. Not only when asked. I always urge my actors to paraphrase to begin with. It seems to be the "deftest way" to get the thoughts clear. The actors then have no difficulty in transferring the thoughts to Shakespeare's words and expressing them naturally. I find the process invaluable. It takes time, but the time is not wasted.
Beerbohm Tree's "Tempest," 1904, London; "Romeo and Juliet," 1954, Paris, by the Comedie Francaise.	I was born in the era of the "picture frame" stage and frankly it satisfies me. A revolving one as we had at Stratford, or a sliding stage, helps continuity but it is not often I have had the good fortune to make use of these. 7. Shakespearean language is second nature to me now and I find no difficulty in him myself in this one respect. If I am unaware of the meaning of some lost pun or imagery I ask an expert. When I am producing I have often had to explain, in modern language, the meaning of a phrase to my actors, but I have never found this presented great difficulties.
"Merchant of Venice," 1932, directed by John Gielgud, Old Vic.	Nearest possible approximations to sort of stage for which he wrote. 7. Most certainly, but I wouldn't consider it a wise request to make.
Fagan's "Twelfth Night," 1918, London. Gielgud's "Hamlet," 1934, London. Quayle's "Richard II," "Henry IV," and "Henry V," 1951, Stratford.	My only experiences in producing Shakespeare have been in theatres with proscenium arches with or without small forestages. 7. I think the actor should be able to express in his own words, if necessary, the meaning of the text of his part, but I don't think he should do so while rehearsing one of Shakespeare's plays.
Chekhov's "Twelfth Night," 1927, Habimah (Palestine). Gielgud's "Much Ado About Nothing," 1949; Shaw's "Antony and Cleopatra," 1953; Brook's "Titus Andronicus," 1955, Stratford.	I have written books about this! It depends on the play, the players, and the circumstances. The actors must be able to reach the hearts of the audience, which doesn't necessarily involve falling over their feet. I have seen Shakespeare do his stuff on a football field, in the Comedie Francaise, in a church, and a cinema, in the round, square, and triangular. I am told he is wonderful in the Roman arena at Verona, and the Shakespearwrights do okay in a crypt—*pace* Mr. Atkinson, *it doesn't matter*, if the actors can speak and act. 7. They must understand them and own them, possess them—not be able to speak their thought any other way. Paraphrase to obtain this easy familiarity with the thought behind the lines is essential—but it should be gay and easy, not an academic exercise.
Shaw's "Antony and Cleopatra," 1947 and 1953, Stratford.	Something as near the original Globe Theatre as possible, but allowing for the use of different levels on the platform. 7. He must know what they mean, of course. The ability to paraphrase with understanding is a trick which some have and others haven't and is of no importance.
The most completely satisfying production of a Shakespeare play I can remember seeing is John Gielgud's production of "Much Ado About Nothing," 1955, London. In its own terms, it seemed to me to come off with absolute success.	A stage which is flexible and resourceful and where direct communication is possible between actor and audience; where no elaboration diverts the public's ears and eyes from a direct perception of the action. 7. Understand—Yes. Paraphrase—No.



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NAME	1. WHAT EDITIONS OF THE PLAY DO YOU CONSULT BEFORE PRODUCING?	2. WHAT BOOKS AND ARTICLES HAVE YOU FOUND MOST STIMULATING IN THE FORMATION OF YOUR APPROACH TO SHAKESPEARE IN GENERAL? 3. FOR PARTICULAR PLAYS	4. WHICH OF YOUR PRODUCTIONS WAS BEST REALIZED
Sir John Gielgud.	Variorum. Quartos.	John Masefield, Middleton Murray, Mark Van Doren, Sir Edmund Chambers, H. Granville-Barker "Prefaces," George Brandes, William Hazlitt, Spurgeon's "Shakespeare's Imagery," Sprague's "Shakespeare and the Actors," Dover Wilson, Leslie Hotson's "First Night of Twelfth Night," Robert Speaight's "Nature in Shakespearean Tragedy." 3. William Archer, G. Bernard Shaw, Komisarjevsky, Edward Gordon Craig, Herbert Farjeon, Desmond McCarthy, James Agate, Ivor Brown, Ashley Dukes, A. B. Walkley.	"Hamlet," 1934; "Romeo and Juliet," 1935, New Theatre. "Much Ado About Nothing," 1949-1950, Stratford.
George Devine. *(English Stage Co.)*	Arden and New Cambridge. Both for their notes, variations, etc.	Granville-Barker's Prefaces and everything else he wrote on Shakespeare. "Shakespeare's England"—Oxford University Press. "Shakespeare Survey"—Cambridge University Press. 3. Granville-Barker Prefaces where applicable.	"Taming of the Shrew," 1953, Stratford.
Hugh Hunt. *(Elizabethan Theatre Trust, Sydney, Australia.)*	The Arden. Clearly printed and footnotes reasonably free from discoveries made by Shakespeare detective squads. Such discoveries may be ingenious but they are liable to lead to stultification of a director's imagination. He interprets scholars' theories instead of making his own contribution.	Books and articles suggesting approaches to Shakespearean production should all be forgotten before the director starts work. They are more likely to dictate than stimulate the formation of his own approach. The director, however, should keep himself constantly informed of all modern methods of staging, from the Elizabethan to the modern, giving equal study to Garrick and Guthrie. Indeed he should include Greek and medieval staging as part of his study. 3, I consider it undesirable that directors should be spoon-fed in this way. Let them go into the library and search for themselves.	"Love's Labour's Lost," 1949, London. "Twelfth Night," 1950. "Merchant of Venice," 1952. "Romeo and Juliet," 1952. "Julius Caesar," 1953. All at Old Vic, London.
Denis Carey. *(Bristol and London Old Vics.)*	New Temple for portability. New Cambridge Dover Wilson introduction is illuminating and appended Stage History useful. New Nonesuch for folio and quarto variants. Variorum, though dangerous to spend too long with it.	Watkins's "On Producing Shakespeare" because of the appended conjectural cast lists from Baldwin's "Organization and Personnel of the Shakespeare Company." A key to casting is to know what other parts the actors probably played. 3. Granville-Barker's Prefaces on "Antony and Cleopatra," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Julius Caesar." Wilson's "The Tempest." Nevill Coghill's private and invaluable essays on "Twelfth Night" and "The Merchant of Venice."	"Two Gentlemen of Verona," 1952, Bristol Old Vic and Old Vic, London. "Antony and Cleopatra," 1950, Bristol Old Vic.
Douglas Seale. *(Old Vic, Stratford, and Birmingham.)*	Start with New Temple. Go to Arden for its good notes conveniently placed at bottom of page. Refer to First Folio for punctuation and to Nonesuch for Quarto variants.	Granville-Barker's "Prefaces to Shakespeare." W. H. Thompson's "Shakespeare's Characters." "Holinshed's Chronicles," Everyman Edition. Scott's "Shakespeare's Heraldry." 3. In staging "King John" I found Harvey's "The Plantagenets," which drew King John's character more simply than the play, gave me something I could hang this diffuse character on.	"Henry IV," Part I & II, 1955, Old Vic.
George Schaefer.	Cambridge on text, variations, and scholarly attack. Variorum for complete information. J. Q. Adams for dramatic interpretation.	Granville-Barker. Dover Wilson. 3. In the case of Macbeth I got some aid from David Baird's "The Thane of Cawdor" and Masefield's "A Macbeth Production." Find reviews and pictures in the theatre collections at N.Y. Public Library and Harvard very useful.	The GI "Hamlet" with an all Army cast. In TV, "Macbeth."
Arthur Lithgow. *(Antioch Area Theatre and Festival, Toledo, Ohio.)*	I enjoy roaming through the Variorum and the notes of Kittredge or Hudson. But really, at this point, in starting to work on a play I don't "attempt" to produce it. I just get hold of a Modern Library text and begin marking the hell out of it on my own inspiration.	Two are far and away the most influential on me. Gorelik's "New Stages for Old" and de Banke's "Shakespearean Production" for its detailed production information 3. I could have answered this question in a stimulated fashion ten years ago when I was doing graduate study with Alec Drummond. But now everything seems oddly old-hat to me, as if none of us has quite shaken off yet the "trailing clouds of glory" from the nineteenth century. Frankly, it has become excessively boring to read about Shakespeare; it is so constantly fresh and invigorating and ever new simply to read Shakespeare.	"Troilus and Cressida," 1953, the most intellectually realized. "Twelfth Night," 1955, the most artistically. Both at Antioch Area Theatre, Yellow Springs, Ohio.
Michael Benthall *(Old Vic, London)*	Use New Temple but get punctuation from Nonesuch which has Folio punctuation. Nonesuch also has Quartos, in which the order of scenes may be preferable. I usually take a look at Dover Wilson's New Cambridge, too.	Bradley, Granville-Barker, Dover Wilson's "What Happens in Hamlet." When I get lazy I sometimes simply reach for Halliday's "Shakespeare Companion." 3. For the Roman plays I go to Plutarch's "Lives" (Everyman Edition). While in the end I must use Shakespeare's ennobling interpretation, I sometimes find Plutarch gives me the relationships between characters that Shakespeare had in his mind but didn't put into the script.	"Hamlet," 1949, Stratford, with Scofield and Helpmann alternating, and in mid-nineteenth century dress.
Michael Langham. *(Stratford, Ontario, Canada.)*	The Arden. Largely because the print is so large and the margins wide. Also First Folio Facsimile.	Granville-Barker's Prefaces and "On Dramatic Method." Chambers's "The Elizabethan Stage." Jones's "Oedipus and Hamlet." A thorough knowledge of Elizabethan England and London in particular, of Elizabethan theatre, serves as the most helpful basis to an appreciation of the Shakespearean text, far more helpful and stimulating than another person's view of a particular play.	"Hamlet," 1956, Stratford, England.
John Harrison. *(Nottingham, England.)*	First Folio Facsimile or/and Quarto and the Penguin. In both cases the absence of interpretative notes is a blessing.	Watkins's "On Producing Shakespeare," "Shakespeare's Workmanship," by Quiller-Couch and in lesser degree Granville-Barker's Prefaces, S. L. Bethell's "Shakespeare and the Popular Dramatic Tradition." 3. Dover Wilson's "The Fortunes of Falstaff."	"Pericles," 1950, Steiner Hall, London. "The Winter's Tale," 1956, Zagreb, Yugoslavia.
Allen Fletcher. *(Ashland, Oregon, San Diego, California, and Carnegie Tech, Pittsburgh.)*	The Yale—for a working text. Its annotations are clear and reasonably complete. It is recent enough to have the benefit of most modern scholarship. It gives variant readings from Quartos and Folios where necessary. Variorum. It assembles most of the important sources, history of performance, and widely selected critical arguments to support variant readings.	Watkins's "On Producing Shakespeare." Knight's "Shakespearean Production." De Banke's "Shakespearean Production" (useful as a reference not a creative guide). Granville-Barker's "Shakespeare's Dramatic Art," Byrne's "The Social Background" in "Companion to Shakespeare Studies." Bradley's "The Substance of Tragedy and the Structure of Tragedy" in "Shakespearean Tragedy." Spencer's "Shakespeare and the Nature of Man." Trevelyan's "The Social History of England" Vol. II (for social background). Chambers's "The Elizabethan Stage." Adams's "The Globe Theatre." Thorndike's "Shakespeare's Theatre." Harbage's "Shakespeare's Audience." 3. Granville-Barker's Prefaces. Wilson's "What Happens in Hamlet" and his essay on "The Tempest." Knight's "The Imperial Theme." Tillyard's "Shakespeare's History."	"Coriolanus," 1953 (Ashland, Ore., Shakespearean Festival).
Peter Brook.	The Arden because it is the best compromise between a readable edition and a fully annotated one. The Variorum because in the end it gives the answer to everything.	None. The only relevant material has been the plays themselves and the most valuable have been the Folio reprints where one does get a new and vivid impression of the architecture of the plays by being able to re-read them unbroken by instructions. 3. Mostly Granville-Barker. All other writers on Shakespeare are, at their best, entertaining, fascinating, and even illuminating, but seldom relevant from the production point of view. I do not necessarily agree with Granville-Barker's conclusions, but the approach is always to the play in performance. I think that Madariaga's book on "Hamlet" is one of the most brilliant Shakespearean essays, the most stimulating and, at the same time, highly dubious and completely useless.	"Measure for Measure," 1950, "Titus Andronicus," 1955, Stratford.
Joan Littlewood *(Theatre Workshop, London.)*	We begin with a thorough examination of the text by the company, working together. As many editions as possible are studied to find the most clear and actable readings. Obscurities are cut if they cannot be clarified by production.	The actors do not read literary criticisms or appreciations, but research is carried out on the social background of the play and its characters by the entire company, including the designer and composer. The research is then pooled and discussed. Then the research is forgotten and the physical and imaginative objectives in the text are worked on by means of improvisation, verbal and mimetic. Situations in the text are paralleled and of course modern English is used.	We have done only a few of Shakespeare's plays. To us it seems that other Elizabethans, like Marlowe and Jonson, have more to say to our audience.

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5. WHICH PRODUCTION BY OTHERS HAVE YOU ADMIRED MOST?	6. WHAT TYPE OF STAGE DO YOU PREFER FOR SHAKESPEAREAN PRODUCTIONS? 7. DO YOU FEEL THAT THE ACTOR IF ASKED SHOULD BE ABLE TO PARAPHRASE SHAKESPEARE'S LINES?
Komisarjevsky's "King Lear," 1936-1937; Guthrie's "Henry V," 1937; "Hamlet," 1938, modern dress, with Alec Guinness. Granville-Barker's and Tyrone Guthrie's "King Lear," 1940, Old Vic. Peter Brook's "Measure for Measure," 1950, Stratford. "The Winter's Tale," 1951.	Smallish theatre with a fairly big apron. A semi-circular auditorium with boxes. Semi-permanent setting. Minimum of intervals. 7. If necessary and if it helps him to understand the meaning, but it is a danger to analyze poetry too concisely. Phrasing, punctuation, and a capacity to breathe and attack with confidence may convey general meaning and carry the impetus of a scene far better than a modern analytical approach and a broken-up explanatory style of speaking. The actor must avoid gabbling to make an effect of speed, and singing to make an effect of beauty. He must react to the speeches of his fellow actors without fidgeting or making faces, prepare for his cues so that his pace can be flexible and controlled, and in certain passages of pure poetry (the more obscure speeches of Leontes, Lear) trust to the rhythm, phrasing, and imagery to interpret the words of the poet without overlaying vocal mannerisms which may obscure them. Shakespearean speaking needs the breath-control and technique of singing, but to this must be added a sense of character, though of course there is little character in some of Shakespeare's quite long and important roles. The director must cast such parts with particular care if they are to sustain their purpose, especially in the Histories.
Shaw's "Henry V," 1951, Old Vic. "Antony and Cleopatra, 1953, "Othello," 1956, Stratford.	Open air—the text sounds better always. Indoors as unproscenium like as possible with good audience contact. 7. I don't think it matters provided he senses the sense through the style. There is danger in rationalizing or modernizing the thought by paraphrasing, but, of course, "empty speech" is no good either.
Gustav Sellner's "Midsummer Night's Dream," 1954, Darmstadt. It was simple without trying to be simple. It created magic with new and pertinent theatrical tricks.	Any stage, from a barn to a baroque opera house. Solving the problems of each location will present its own fascination to the director. 7. There are a few extremely obscure passages in Shakespeare. Some may be of value from the rhythmical point of view, some from the point of view of the action. But if of value from neither of these points of view they are better cut. My personal experience of trained actors in the U.K. and Australia is that they know a great deal more about the text of the play they are studying than the average director. To ask an actor to paraphrase lines in front of the company would be mutually insulting.
Gielgud's "Romeo and Juliet," 1935, London, with John Gielgud, Laurence Olivier, Peggy Ashcroft, and Edith Evans.	Ordinary proscenium opening with apron and the auditorium not much wider than the proscenium opening. Seating capacity 1,200 or less. The intimacy of the play is vital. 7. This has no meaning to an English director. But if it is done in America it's probably a good thing. Normally the actor should be accustomed to paraphrase himself if he is to point properly.
Guthrie's "Troilus and Cressida," 1956, Old Vic. Brook's "Measure for Measure" 1950, Stratford.	A stage as near to Shakespeare's original layout as you can get. But don't feel you should be too slavish about it and make it more difficult than you have to for your actors. 7. Yes, but there's no point in rehearsing the paraphrase as some directors used to. The paraphrase is a tool whereby the director can make sure the actor understands what he is saying, and for that matter, vice versa.
Guthrie's "Henry VIII," 1950, Stratford.	Not fussy. Actors and an audience interest me more. Also depends on which play, scenery being less important than lighting. 7. Very strongly. Sense before music. When the meaning is clear one can orchestrate.
"Othello," with Paul Robeson. In New York City it seemed dreadfully directed; in Rochester, New York, it had got out from under the dead hand of fussy and superficial busyness.	Bare boards. The open platform with enough freedom for the actor to communicate directly with his audience. The stage is really not as important as the actor's convenience—convenience to read his lines with the greatest imaginative communication possible. Whatever makes the actor happy in levels, areas, flow of scenes, easiness of movement, exit, entrance, and visibility is right and best. 7. Actors who have done enough Shakespeare to have caught an ear-sense and idiom-sense find that the meanings are surprisingly clear, direct, even simple—where before they had seemed elusive. Paraphrasing can take us away from direct meaning and communication. A slow and thoughtful reading and re-reading with tentative emphasis and re-emphasis would be far more valuable. After all, the audience has got to get it at once, without paraphrasing, and in terms of the lines alone.
Brook's "Measure for Measure," 1950, Stratford. Guthrie's "Troilus and Cressida," 1956, Old Vic.	One does a production for any specific stage one is given. The fatal thing is to have to transfer a production mounted on one stage to another. For instance, even the differences in proportion and size of apron between our stage at the Old Vic and the Winter Garden in New York made our productions less effective there. Ideally I like a stage as flexible as possible and with a maximum sense of audience intimacy. Stratford is less intimate than the Old Vic. It has something to do with the architecture of the auditorium. 7. Yes. It is a good way to get the actor to make sense of his lines. However I find that actors tend to hold audience attention in what they are saying more by the use of rhythm, vocal range, and quality. The audience listens more intently when the company offers an interesting variety of voices.
Guthrie's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," 1937-1938, Old Vic. Brook's "Measure for Measure," 1950, Stratford.	A platform with the same sort of physical conveniences as that for which the plays were written, *e.g.* the theatre at Stratford, Ontario. If a proscenium theatre must be used it should be a shallow, intimate house, where a grand operatic style is not the only way to convey the work to the farther listener. 7. Yes. It can be of great value in determining how to phrase the text. I believe phrasing constitutes at least half the problem in Shakespearean speech.
Guthrie's "Midsummer Night's Dream," 1937-1938. Last Old Vic revival.	Any platform with a good actor-audience relationship in any building with a strong "feel" of "theatre." Ideally, the basic Elizabethan architecture for which the plays were constructed, but not an archaic reconstruction job. Better to settle for architecture essential to the play, in a non-localized pictorial setting in a proscenium—plus some kind of apron. 7. Depends on the actor. If he's a "natural"—and non-cerebral—it would be a waste of time.
Michael Benthall's "Antony and Cleopatra," 1951-1952 with the Oliviers. Clearly done with honesty of intention.	If the audience is in the open air, the Elizabethan stage works very well. Indoors a modification of the Elizabethan stage, preserving as much as possible the general scheme of areas of the Elizabethan stage. It must be possible for scene to follow scene immediately, without so much as a few bars of music to interrupt the flow of action and speech. 7. Yes, paraphrasing is the only way the actor can discover what particular words carry the meaning and often the only way that the director can be sure the actor knows what he is saying. Once understood, the paraphrasing should be forgotten. The actor should learn to think in Shakespeare's words and in images which support and fill for him those words.
Michael Benthall's production of "King John," 1948, Stratford, which found a way of giving complete unity to this apparently sprawling play.	Any stage which focuses attention onto the actors and allows them to command the widest number of the audience. I can see no advantage in loosening the communication between performer and spectator by widening the angle of vision. I would not like to stage Shakespeare in an arena with people sitting all around the actors, because there is a continual loss of communication and only a theoretical gain. The ideal theatre for subtle playing would have an angle of vision of only twenty degrees so that the actor knew that everybody simultaneously saw exactly the same view. To improve the quality of ensemble playing one should strive towards this rather than away from it. Each play has its own scenic solution. This solution must eventually capture Elizabethan values—speed, simplicity, etc. However, this is not achieved simply by rebuilding a dolled-up version with balcony and tiring-house. 7. Every actor should understand what he says—in the widest and deepest sense. Some actors may be able to express this understanding in other terms quite brilliantly. Others may be quite incoherent and only able to express their understanding through the one means at their disposal—their acting. God preserve us from university-trained performers!
I do not admire the present productions of Shakespeare which seem to me too clever and arty; the early work of the Old Vic (before 1944) was the best I have seen.	Sometimes playing under crude conditions in halls with improvised stages we have found the best conditions for Shakespeare. In our own theatre we always mount productions with the utmost simplicity, the main objective being to ensure the swift flowing movement of scenes which was possible in the Elizabethan playhouse. 7. Every phrase and movement must make simple theatrical sense. Every effort is made to give the speech its true activity. The question of style varies with each production of course, depending on the super-objective of the production.

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Of War and Revolution

"The Red and the White," by Henri Troyat *(translated by Anthony Hinton. Crowell. 463 pp. $4.50), depicts a Russian family passing through a great political and social upheaval.*

By James Gray

THE title of Henri Troyat's new novel "The Red and the White" offers a clear echo of one major literary accomplishment and in its form it challenges a second masterpiece. There are similarities, both of large design and of special technique, between "The Red and the White" and "War and Peace."

Having marched boldly into such company the book must justify its ambition by showing a brilliant command of its material. And it does show that command. Encompassing chaos, as the Russian revolution is dramatized in the process of destroying an old way of life, the novel brings into artistic order a monumental account of the sufferings, loyalties, betrayals, deaths, and rebirths incident to such a gigantic convulsion of social evolution.

As his master Tolstoy did before him, Troyat looks at a crisis in world history over the shoulders of a tight little circle of representative men and women. The members of the Arapov family and their associates provide examples of all the types that become involved first in the ideological and then the physical struggle of the years 1914 to 1918. The elder son is a professional soldier and a convinced conservative of the monarchist school. His brother is a liberal who is caught up in the tempest of change and, borne along through scenes of sadistic brutality on the part of his fellow revolutionaries, clings doggedly, despite the revulsion of his sensibilities, to belief in a principle that will justify all this cruelty in the end. A sister speaks with glib silliness for the mindless non-participant in the events of the time imagining that her position as artist (she is a beautiful but inept actress) entitles her to cozy isolation. Another sister quite truly and movingly represents the feminine influence in civilization. Beginning unpromisingly as faithless wife and indifferent mother she emerges, after many brave confrontations with death, as worthy conservator not merely of elemental vitality but of fundamental values. A fifth member of this family group brings in a hauntingly beautiful strain of dedicated devotion to an ideal concept of love.

THESE people, surrounded by their parents, their children, their lovers, their friends, pass through all the flaming events of war and revolution. They endure the fighting on the eastern front with the outside enemy and the fighting in the streets at home between the Red and the White armies. They see the Czar driven from the throne, watch the rise of Kerensky, and follow the deterioration of his influence under the subtle and intransigent drive of Lenin. In the end, when the Bolsheviks seize complete control, the Arapovs—as typical representatives of the old bourgeoisie—are seen to have lost everything. Many of their circle are dead; more are left to the fate of uneasy adjustment; one group has escaped to France and the future. "I hate the future," says the central woman figure. Her husband is more resigned, perhaps because he has been forced more often to practise resignation.

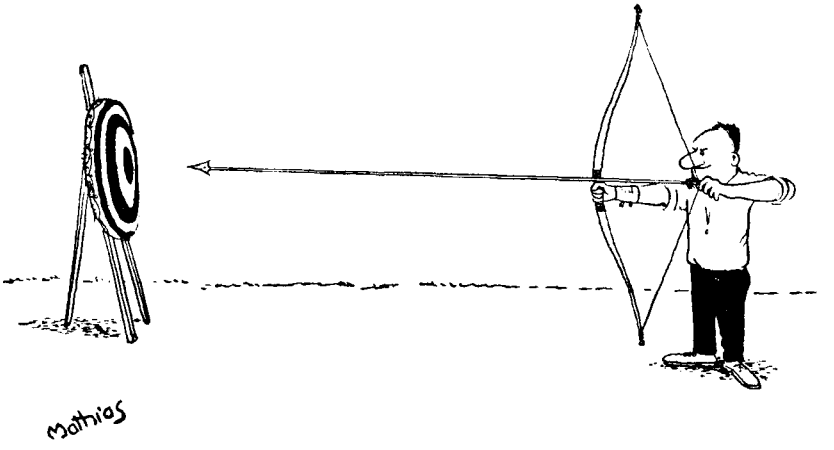
—Drawing by Boris Chaliapin.

Henri Troyat—"distinguished artist."

But these great crags of happenings do not dominate Troyat's presentation of war and revolution. The crises of the novel, though they inevitably run parallel to the course of history, are made to turn always on moments of intense feeling in the private lives of the people of the narrative. The range of these personal passions is broad; the quality of the emotion is never banal or tainted by the obvious cliche. Memorable, because it blends so many elements of the humorous, pitiful, noble, and grotesque, is the passage in which a fine old man is saved from summary execution by the Bolsheviks simply because certain things, confiscated among his belongings, testify to his advanced ideas about cremation; in the bemused and childlike minds of the revolutionists he becomes a worthy brother, waging war against traditions of death as they wage war on traditions of life.

It must not be claimed that "The Red and the White" stands shoulder to shoulder with "War and Peace." Tolstoy's virtues and his faults were all on the gigantic scale and Troyat does not match either the former or the latter. He attempts to offer no large, philosophic comment on "the meaning of history" as Tolstoy so pontifically and bewilderingly did. Yet real as his people are they do not equal Tolstoy's in emotional depth or significance.

The stature of "War and Peace" is still unique. But Troyat's command of a sweeping view of the social scene is most impressive; his mastery of the revealing moment of passion identifies him as a distinguished artist.



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Tortured Heritage

"Letter From Peking," by Pearl S. Buck *(John Day. 252 pp. $3.75). is the story of an American woman married to a man of Chinese and American parentage, whose love and loyalty is severely tested by political developments of the past decade.*

By Edmund Fuller

THERE is no doubt that Pearl Buck is one of our most distinguished as well as prolific writers, or that her new, brief novel, "Letter from Peking," has in parts some of her finer qualities, moments of emotional force and themes of depth.

In it she tells the story of Elizabeth MacLeod, who is living with her youthful son, Rennie, on the remote Vermont hill farm that was her childhood home. Though much of the narrative is retrospective, it is 1950 when the novel begins, with the arrival of a letter from her husband, Gerald, in Peking.

Gerald is the son of an American father and a Chinese mother. He and Elizabeth had met and loved when she was at Radcliffe and he at Harvard. Their married life had been spent chiefly in China, where Gerald became president of a university in Peking. The war with the Japanese had driven them to Chungking, but it was not until the dominance of the Communists that separation was forced upon them. Elizabeth was compelled to face a situation summed up in "I love you and will always love you, but—." Gerald would not leave his beloved country and city and university, for all his opposition to the new regime. He had to send Elizabeth and his son away because of the violent anti-Western attitude of the Reds. Perhaps the separation would be temporary, perhaps not.

Patiently Elizabeth has waited in the bleakly beautiful Vermont hills. She has to face the curiosity of her taciturn neighbors, but more painfully, the deepening gap between the absent father and the seventeen-year-old son who wonders whether this separation is not a euphemism for desertion. For Rennie's sake and her own, she seeks out and brings to live with them the aged and feeble Dr. MacLeod, "Baba," father of Gerald.

Elizabeth carries her own sore secrets. One is the last letter from Gerald explaining that he is compelled, for his very life, to take into his home a Chinese wife. Then there are strangely good, simple letters from Mei-lan, the second wife, all cautiously smuggled from Peking by devious ways.

Through her own thoughts and the wavering reminiscences of Baba, Elizabeth pieces out a story. She learns the circumstances of the marriage of Gerald's parents and of how the mother, who had so bound Gerald to herself and her country, had become a fanatical revolutionary, finally shot as a martyr to her cause. At last, as the young Rennie matures and marries, we learn the final chapter of Gerald's own hard way.

Through Elizabeth, Mrs. Buck pursues themes dear to her, involving the relations of peoples, families, bloods, and nations. The traditions and the natural beauties of both China and Vermont are evoked in their markedly contrasting ways. As Rennie feels the cleavages that are inevitable in his mixed blood, he is told wisely, "You will have to accept yourself. . . . You will never be happy until you are proud of all that you are—not just of a part. You have a noble inheritance, but it is on both sides of the globe." This, I feel, is her great theme.

THE style, which is simple and often highly effective, is marred for me at moments by an excessively elegiac tone, coming perilously near the mawkish. I find, also, occasional false notes in the dialogue, chiefly in some of the lines ascribed to Rennie. However, these are minor matters in a book of worth, and might not strike all readers alike.

Padraic Colum—"writer of great integrity."

Gaelic Tradition

"The Flying Swan," by Padraic Colum *(Crown. 538 pp. $5), is a story of two generations of the O'Rehill family in Ireland of the late nineteenth century, the work of one of the few surviving major makers of the Irish Literary Renaissance.*

By Denis Johnston

WITH the exception of one celebrated wasp and a drone of local distinction, there is nobody left in the bee-loud glade of the Irish Literary Renaissance save Padraic Colum. The Lake Isle of Innisfree is now the resort of short-story writers, usually with religious difficulties, and a younger generation of dramatists no longer attempts work of any particular merit since there is no Lady Gregory to see that their plays are put on over the objections of the Civil Service.

Colum is the last of the boys "who knew what the birds said"—to quote himself—and the appearance of a novel on which he has spent over ten of his riper years is therefore an event of considerable importance. Prior to this, Colum has been recognized as the best of the poets of the Irish countryside, and as a playwright with a list of Abbey successes to his credit. He has compiled several books of fairy stories and of classical legends, and strangely enough, is an authority on Hawaii as well as on Goldsmith and Arthur Griffith. But his only other novel is "Castle Conquer," published about thirty-five years ago.

Many Irishmen are called Patrick, but few have managed to combine with this the name of the other architect of the genuine Gaelic tradition—Columcille. From the former he gets his ability to talk with kings, while to the latter may perhaps be attributed the nostalgic compassion of an exile separated by an ocean and by many years of residence abroad from the land and people whom he obviously knows and loves.

"The Flying Swans" is the biography of two generations of the O'Rehill family—downstarts in the truest Milesian sense, who have little to lose but their history, and who sink from their ancestral acres of Moylough down to the slums of that pied-à-terre that must no longer be called Kingstown, and which is here thinly disguised under the name of Cairnthual. The date—also unspecified—"is as far back as any of us who have survived two generations can remember." In other words, the latter

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part of the nineteenth century, as can be gathered from occasional references to the Queen, and also from the fact that the funeral of Parnell wends its way through several of the later pages.

This simple framework provides Colum with an opportunity for presenting us with a gallery of memorable types drawn from a social background that few other Irish writers have written about: Robert O'Rehill, the peripatetic, anti-clerical father who considers that he has married beneath him; Ulick and Breasal, the two children whose quest for a place in life is the book's main theme; Lem and Sal Grabbitt, a superbly drawn pair of tinkers; Claire Comyn, a childhood romance; Nannie Toland, a suburban prostitute; and a dozen more.

This is as unlike the type of popular novel that is current today as good claret is unlike a dry Martini. It has a sense of form and maturity that is so intrinsically part of its style that one feels that the author himself is hardly conscious of it. Colum is a writer of great integrity who dislikes the devices of melodrama, and who does not find it necessary to spike his characters with psychoses, since his art is the art of language. He has a blessed, overriding sense of pity that does not shun a description of pain, but that deters him from rolling it around in the mouth until every flavor of this over-used stimulant has been fully appreciated. When he describes a fight, it is not by means of a blow-by-blow running commentary for the delectation of non-combatants.

> One got in on the other; with head bent, a grip on the other's knees, one tried to throw the other. Tried and was baffled. A minute's or a few minutes' unexpected steadiness threw the attacker off. How often this happened, who could know? Who cared? The fight went on.

It is a book to be enjoyed only by those who enjoy reading. Indeed, it should be two books, instead of being crammed on to the almost marginless pages of one volume, like a British wartime Economy Edition, when paper was unobtainable.

DULY NOTED: **"The Adversary,"** by H. H. Lynde (Random House, $3.95), is concerned with an ailing writer whose sense of futility is heightened by a rumor spread by neighbors in his California village that the world's end is near. The fairly promising plot is frittered away in dull pages of chatter.

—S. P. M.

FRANCE

—Brown Brothers.

Marie Antoinette—"she went to her death a Queen."

The Blind Tigress

"Queen of France," by André Castelot *(translated by Denise Folliot. Harper. 434 pp. $5), is a new biography of Marie Antoinette largely based on previously unused sources.*

By Evelyn Eaton

"THIS book was made possible," André Castelot explains in the introduction to "Queen of France," his biography of Marie Antoinette, "thanks to unpublished documents, principally from the French National Archives and the Haus-Hof und Staatsarchiv of Vienna.

It is an understatement, for to these one must add an extraordinary flair for the selection and the arrangement of material, an impartial point of view, the authority of careful scholarship, a regard for the personal and concrete details which bring characters to life, a sure sense of contrast, suspense, pace, sweep, attack, as well as an uncluttered vigorous style, to which the translator does full justice.

Thanks to all of these M. Castelot presents us with a surprising tour de force. It is surprising because even given the hindsight of two centuries and all the advantages of modern research—ease and speed of travel, photographic reproductions of letters and manuscripts, etc.—it would not have occurred to most of us that another book of such excellence on the French Revolution in general, and Marie Antoinette in particular, could be "made possible." Our bets would have been against any further account of events rehashed so often, often so tediously, and with such violent partisanship.

But M. Castelot, who can make a section on sources, in small print, unexpectedly moving—e.g., sections XI, XII, and XIII at the end of the book—is not the man to believe his work endangered by anyone's any amount of *jusque-là* of the subject. This is fortunate, for "Queen of France" is one of the most brilliant of recent biographies, so gripping that it becomes compulsive not to miss a word of what could turn out to be the final words about that attractive, arrogant, *étourdie*, unfortunate Marie Antoinette, whom some of her subjects loved as a woman, some revered as a martyr, but the great majority hated as a "tigress thirsting for blood," a "poisonous viper," a "cannibal woman."

Her enemies were sincere in their hatred and their fear, and their feeling of satisfied justice when she was condemned. Some of those who lined her route to the guillotine, shouting for joy and hurling lewd imprecations

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at the Widow Capet, may have been in the crowd, twenty years before, shouting for joy and hurling their hats in the air in welcome to the innocent young Dauphine fresh from Vienna, whom they were prepared to love and who would surely bring better times to her husband's people. In the two decades that separated the shouting, the majority of the French people had come to believe that she was guilty of deliberately betraying France to the enemy, causing enormous casualties, and that she was to blame and could be held most responsible for the widespread misery and appalling conditions of the people. They believed this mostly through hearsay, fed by vicious propaganda, but some of them believed the evidence of their own eyes and ears, for the Queen was incredibly stupid in all her public relations and had herself to blame for the hatred she aroused.

Obsessed with a private war against boredom, and the loneliness and disappointment she experienced when she found she was to be a wife in name only to a loutish lump, and when, after seven years, this humiliating difficulty was disposed of, that she would be equally bored with the loutish lump turned monarch.

In desperation, the Queen flung herself into any extravagant folly or adventure which might make for an hour of amusement. In other words, she was frankly out for fun at any cost. And the cost was paid by the over-taxed, grimly miserable peasants.

The Queen, deaf to remonstrance and to warning, continued to make new enemies. She offended the powerful court party, at a time when she and the monarchy needed friends, by her tactless, arrogant indifference to court custom, and her inability to remember the existence of those who bored her, however important in rank. So her enemies delivered her over to the poison pens of the pamphleteers, to be defamed and lampooned until it was too late to rescue her from smear.

She might be gay, attractive, courageous, a generous if undiscerning friend, a good wife—at the last—and always a good mother; it was not enough to save her.

She lived through the terrible months of arrest, imprisonment, trial, and execution of the King, separation from her children, and her own trial, with great nobility. She was admirable then in every way, and she went to her death a Queen. The point M. Castelot makes is that "power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely," whether wielded by popular tyrants or by unpopular queens. He makes it very clear.

An Angry Look at Marianne

"Taxis of the Marne," by Jean Dutourd *(translated by Harold King. Simon & Schuster. 244 pp. $3.50), is a French satirist's attack on the demoralization of his native land today.*

By Laurent LeSage

JEAN DUTOURD, one of France's leading satirists, was whimsical and amusing in his widely read "A Dog's Head." He struck harder in "The Best Butter," a story of clownish grocers who profiteered during the Occupation. Underneath the comedy there was severe indictment of the corruption and hypocrisy that marked those times. But in his new book, "Taxis of the Marne," he drops the comic mask altogether, and gets what he has to say off his chest with no thought of literary artifice or of entertaining those whom he chastises. For Jean Dutourd is hopping mad.

What he is furious about is France and the situation she has been in since the collapse of 1940. Writing in the heat of long pent-up rage, he whacks at everything and everybody within reach. Why was not the miracle of the Marne repeated in World War II? Dutourd will tell us. Because of morons in the government and old fogies in the army general staff. All that is needed to turn soldiers into heroes is a little leadership. But who would die for Daladier? Or for Albert Lebrun, who set the example for mediocrity and pusillanimity which leaders of the French state have followed ever since? Or for General Gamelin and all the "Radical-Socialist or Fascist generals who had prospered like cockroaches between the disjointed floor boards of the Staff College"? The only "great soul" in France was Charles de Gaulle, and he was stymied in the promotion roster. Now he is relegated to retirement while "a gang of mediocrities" still run the country. A man like De Gaulle at the helm of state, and the big French battalions would have made short work of the Nazis. And France now would have honor and dignity and glory instead of being just a "decaying carcass on which her maggot-ministers prosper."

A man like De Gaulle would have put a little courage in the chicken-hearted French soldiers, and snapped them to attention. After all, armies are built only on discipline and severity. He would have thrown out the lot of defeated generals instead of doing them honor, and replaced Giraudoux by Claudel as minister of information, a real lion instead of a poodle clipped to look like one. He would have said: To the devil with intellectualism, humanitarianism, Anatole France, and André Gide. Individual morality is one thing, "reasons of State" another. He would have maintained France as a virile nation and refused to allow his country to be an "object of disdain and derision, the doormat for the New World."

Is it too late now? Nothing is predestined and historical determinism just a bugaboo, but the love and genius required to restore Frence to her glory are nowhere in evidence. And without France in her former place, Dutourd wants none of the world of the future—a world without French civilization as its foundation, in which the music of the French has been drowned out by the "glug-glug" of the Russians and the "gobble-gobble" of the Americans.

Frenchmen are reading Dutourd's fulminations with delight. His patriotism intoxicates them and his righteous lashings settle many an old personal score. But for a foreigner the book is an embarrassment. Like a neighbor present while the *fils de famille* is having a tantrum, he can only stay

—*Shelburne.*

Jean Dutourd—"drops the comic mask."

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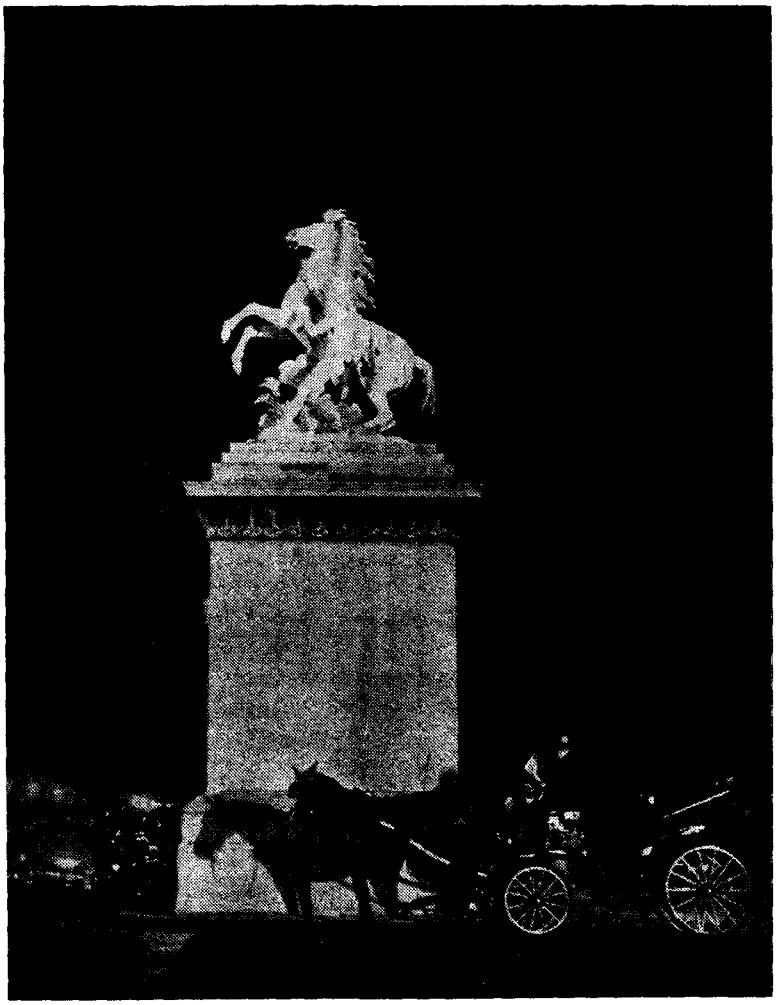
quiet and feel uncomfortable. He might like to say, though, that however much he may sympathize with Dutourd's feelings of grief and frustration, they have completely run away with him. He is unjust, unreasonable, and quite unsound. One has only to think of the recent attack on Egypt to realize what humiliating fiascos such exhortations could lead to.

Perhaps the best of his book is Dutourd's personal recollections of the war, spun out in brief chapters that alternate with fits of vituperation. In 1940 he was twenty and a recruit of fifteen days. In fifteen more days he was a prisoner-of-war. His adventure was the same as that of countless other lads, caught up that tragic month of May in an event of destiny too great for their powers of comprehension. Since Stendhal pictured the Battle of Waterloo through the eyes of Fabrice del Dongo, many writers have tried to capture the reality of great historical moments through humble eyewitness accounts. It is good that someone of Dutourd's talent has done it for the collapse of France. Here we have an authentic account of those young soldiers whose wings were clipped before they had learned to fly.

But need Dutourd marvel that such callow warriors were not more heroically motivated, that their preoccupations at such a time were often trivial or basically selfish? The mentality that Dutourd ascribes with shame to himself and his comrades-in-arms seems pretty common among soldiers in any army, victorious or defeated. Only, nobody but the defeated ever thinks of it. It is no proof of the incapacity of the high command or of general decadence that men in uniforms might rather be live dogs than dead lions.

Since the war French writers have never stopped pouring abuse on their own heads and on each other's. Unmindful of the Latin penchant for histrionics and oratory, we are apt to take them too much at their word. Let us take Dutourd's impassioned accusations with more than a grain of salt. And someone should remind him that the state he seems to be hankering after would never tolerate the ranting and raving that fill this book. He would not have to wait to end his days, as he balefully prophesies, "in the prisons of the puritans of America or the atheists of Russia."



THE WORKADAY CARRIAGE HORSE taking his ease at the base of one of the four prancing stone steeds by Marly that decorate the Place de la Concorde will stir nostalgic memories for every American who has been to Paris. So will the 201 other illustrations, handsomely reproduced in gravure, that are the chief raison d'etre for "Paris" (Essential Books, $7), a new travel book prepared by André George and translated by J. H. and J. M. Denis. For those lucky enough to be pedestrians (or motorists) in Paris, the pedestrian (but highly informative) prose that accompanies the pictures will make the volume worth the price and the trouble of carrying about. —ARCHIBALD VAN VORHEES.

THE SECOND EMPIRE: In **"Gaslight and Shadow"** (Macmillan, $5.50), Roger L. Williams, a young historian teaching at Antioch College, presents a series of ten vignettes portraying the different facets of the Second Empire of Napoleon III. His prose is graceful, his rhythms controlled, his portraits, always interesting, are generously spiced with wit and humor; he shows a discriminating knowledge of the literature of the period. For the general reader it is history without tears; the specialist has the assurance that he is being gently guided by a competent professional.

Each of the men who make up Mr. Williams's gallery illustrates a different but related aspect of the period. The Duc de Persigny, the most devoted follower of the Emperor, serves to trace the renascence of Bonapartism. The Duc de Morny, Napoleon's dashing half-brother, illustrates the beginnings of parliamentarianism; Emile Olliver, the genesis of the Liberal Empire. Sainte-Beuve is in the cast, also Courbet, Pasteur, and of course Offenbach. Montalembert gives the author the opportunity to discuss religious trends and Duruy educational achievements. Cavour's secret diplomatic weapon, the beautiful but not dumb Countess of Castiglione is here too; the material of her vignette is largely trivia, and she does not seem to belong to the gallery.

There is no separate study of Napoleon III, yet he holds the center of the stage. Mr. Williams's Napoleon is quite different from the stuffed shirt, the mountebank, the pinchbeck Caesar of the early biographers; here he is a kindly, humorous, well-intentioned man, liberal and modern in his outlook and sympathies. To a country smarting under the wounds caused by the political revolution of the preceding century and the economic-social dislocations of his own day he offered himself as a leader above fac-

(*Continued on page* 40)

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How Does Your Garden Bookshelf Grow?

By VIRGINIA KIRKUS, *whose "First Book of Gardening," designed for children, has found many fans among first gardeners of riper years.*

MID-JULY finds most gardeners desperately trying to keep one furrow ahead of the multitude of details demanding attention in the garden—far too busy to stop to read about gardening. And yet a half dozen times this weekend I've dashed indoors to check something or other in a garden book on my shelves. Perhaps an unfamiliar piece of evidence of something attacking a climbing rose—and Helen Van Pelt Wilson's useful **"Climbing Roses"** (Barrows, $3.95) supplied the answer, with an additional check in Cynthia Westcott's **"Anyone Can Grow Roses"** (Van Nostrand, $2.75). (I suppose Cynthia Westcott—in one book or another—is consulted more than any other one author in my garden library; she may not know it but she is my "plant doctor.") Van Nostrand has a new rose book this year—**"Roses for Pleasure,"** by the same Helen Van Pelt Wilson mentioned above and Richard Thomson ($5.95). Here's a good general guide, with step-by-step directions for the neophyte and advanced information on propagation for the experienced rose grower.

Another crying need took me to the garden bookshelf. I found the answer in Samuel Ogden's **"The New England Vegetable Garden"** (Countryman Press, $4.95), where some excellent diagrams of layout solved the question of grouping types of vegetables in a shiftover I was planning, with a newly fenced area available. There's lots of excellent information here for the earnest gardener confronted with basic problems of soil conditioning and techniques of drainage—particularly for that uphill and downdale type of location which Mr. Ogden and his fellow Vermonters must find a major factor. This is not a book for beginners—a few years ago I should have found it 'way beyond me. Today it checks me, challenges me, and comforts me in my gradual shift away from naive acceptance of the barrage of advertising pressure for chemical gardening. For Mr. Ogden is a sound middle-of-the-roader in this matter, putting his faith in compost and organic gardening; a healthy garden will resist disease.

This seems to be a banner year for specialists in the area of garden books. There's a new book for the almost-professional gardener, **"The Little Bulbs,"** by Elizabeth Lawrence (Criterion, $4). The term isn't quite as limited as it sounds, for it embraces a wide range for all seasons, from the earliest snowdrops and daffodils to hardy cyclamens, little iris, freesias, chiondoxia, mariposa tulips, fritellaria, on to trillium, clusiana, and amaryllis—and many others less familiar. It isn't its inclusiveness that makes this a specialist's book; it is the technical nature of the text. But the telling is lightened by personal experience, that of the author and of other gardeners from Texas to New England. The section on sources of choice material will be of immense help to fellow enthusiasts.

Perhaps some wishful thinking on my part has made me particularly aware of the new books on greenhouse gardening. The Northens (whose "Secret of the Green Thumb" brought botany within the layman's reach several years ago) have done **"The Complete Book of Greenhouse Gardening"** (Ronald Press, $6.50). Frankly, I find it beyond my depth. But for the serious professional, here is an exhaustive treatment of the selection and construction of a greenhouse; here are details about competent management, the scientific approach to soils and nutrition, types of procedure, and then (in alphabetical order) common and unusual cut flowers, pot plants, and specific greenhouse items from Amaryllis to flowering and foliage plants, cacti, and succulents. The final section is the only part the beginner will find useful—the use of a greenhouse as an adjunct to outdoor gardening.

Much more attuned to my amateur standing is Marion Dulles's **"Greenhouse Gardening Around the Year"** (Macmillan, $3.75). This is a practical, down-to-the-growing-benches type of how-to book, based on the Dulles' experience with their own small lean-to greenhouse, which is designed to serve as a source of supply of cut flowers for the house, a reserve for transfer to the outdoors, and (sheer delight, plus its mead of work!) a place for round-the-year gardening. Such basic matters as types of greenhouse are perhaps too cursorily handled; but for the how-to end of soil and its management, temperature factors and control, equipment, selection of material, and round-the-year procedures this is an excellent first book for the beginning greenhouse gardener.

ANOTHER book I found intriguing was **"Gardening Indoors Under Lights,"** by F. H. and J. L. Kranz (Viking, $4.95). I don't know when I shall find time or space to try this, but sometime I must. The Kranzes have a problem: winter is their only chance for gardening. Through gardening under lights they have applied large-scale scientific principles to small-scale application in their home, thereby producing a growing hobby suited to a limited budget. Their basement, their living room, their window sills—they have experimented with them all and recorded, classified, and presented the results for you and me. The indoor greenhouse can be as small as 2½ feet by 18 inches and 24 inches in height; it can be lighted by a fairly simple setup combining fluorescent and incandescent lights; it can be watered by old-style top watering—or a feasible automatic system. The Kranzes analyze in technical terms the whys and whats and hows; but they make it all seem possible with a little close application. There are photographs and diagrams and line drawings, lists of supplies, and all sorts of useful supplementary

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Clean Bombs and Dirty Wars

ALMOST without realizing it, we are adopting the language of madmen. We talk of "clean" hydrogen bombs, as though we are dealing with the ultimate in moral refinement. We use fairyland words to describe a mechanism that in a split second can incinerate millions of human beings—not dummies or imitations but real people, exactly the kind that you see around your dinner table. What kind of monstrous imagination is it that can connect the word "clean" to a device that will put the match to man's cities? Yes; what is really meant by "clean" is that we may be able to build a bomb with a greatly reduced potential for causing radioactive fallout. But to call a hydrogen bomb or any bomb "clean" is to make an obscene farce out of words.

Or we will use the term "sunshine units" to measure the amounts of radiation suffered by people as the result of nuclear explosions. Serious research reveals that any added radiation shortens life. And when a radioactive poison such as strontium-90 enters the body it gets into the nucleic acid and the bones with a risk of leukemia and bone tumors or cancers. Yet all this now goes by the name of "sunshine units." It is made to sound as though something beautiful and gleamingly wholesome were coming into a man's life. We seem to forget that this is human tissue that is involved here. Also human germplasm. And the effect on both of added radiation is a cheapening and a damaging effect, and therefore an evil one. To use the pretty words of the nursery in connection with such an effect is to engage in a fiendish act of moral shrinkage.

The "clean" bomb became headline news recently when three nuclear scientists, under the auspices of the Atomic Energy Commission, called on the President. The news accounts of the meeting reported that the scientists asked for continuation of nuclear testing for five years. They said they needed that much more time to develop a "clean" hydrogen bomb; that is, a fission-free explosive. There was a general air of jubilation about the announcement, as though this was the deliverance the human race was waiting for. The announcement said nothing about the fact that what the world is waiting for is not a better way to make a "clean" hydrogen explosive but a better way to get rid of dirty wars.

Exactly what do the three scientists think is going to happen in the next five years while they calmly carry out their experiments? Do they suppose that everything will stand still, that the massive tensions that have been building up for more than a decade and that are now approaching the saturation point will somehow evaporate? Do they expect that the race between the Soviet and the United States to be the first to develop a missile that can cross the oceans—do they expect that this race will be called off? Do they expect that the reserves of nuclear weapons will not mount higher and higher until their very presence may create a quick-trigger psychosis? Do they think that unlimited freedom to continue unlimited testing will cause the present world anarchy to disappear?

Important though the laboratory may be to the scientists of the Atomic Energy Commission, it is not quite the whole world. The whole world is a world of movement and tempers and sudden impulses. It can't be squeezed into a row of laboratory storage bottles, no matter how neatly labeled. It can't be characterized by a single equation; at least not so long as there are people in it. And it is precisely the boiling and churning of the unpredictables that make it necessary today to bring the weapons of mass destruction under control, to define new relationships among the nations, and to make these new relationships work under enforceable law.

The three scientists do not speak for the entire government, but the circumstances of their visit to the White House may indicate that government policy may now be developing along the lines of their recommendations. If so, and we pursue a policy of unlimited testing, then the present disarmament negotiations are fruitless. For the President had previously stated that any ban on nuclear testing must be tied to a ban on nuclear armaments. If, therefore, we now insist on continued testing, it can only mean that disarmament itself is doomed.

What is most serious is that we are in effect announcing that we don't want what the world's peoples are clamoring for—specific and concerted action that can bring the big nuclear killers under control. And nothing can be more damaging to our security than to allow the idea to get around that we are not really sincere in what we have been saying officially about our desire for arms control. Soviet Russia has been charging us with insincerity. If we now confirm that charge by what we ourselves do, then we will have suffered a loss in the world that no quantity of hydrogen explosives, however "clean," can offset.

No one argues against the proposition that we can't expect to deal effectively with the threat of Communism without some measure of moral influence or leadership in the world. But moral leadership means what it says. And there is nothing either moral or influential about separating ourselves from the deeply held hopes of people everywhere. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

JETTISONING THE DOUGH

In *SR* June 8 your TV and Radio commentator, Mr. Robert Lewis Shayon, takes issue with me for citing as an "intellectual" Mr. Charles Van Doren and for implying that his marathon gamble with Mammon was a benefit to other intellectuals. Mr. Shayon properly points out, (a) that an encyclopedic memory is no proof of intellectuality, and (b) that even the most erudite intellectual could be quizzed off any TV program by being asked truly obscure questions. But Mr. Shayon further states that to appear on such a program as "Twenty-One" is to fail to uphold the honored traditions of the humanities, *i.e.*, to be something other than and contrary to "intellectual." Finally, he flatters this writer by referring to him as "the real McCoy."

May I enter a demurrer anent Charlie Van Doren? His family and his background and his profession are certainly "intellectual." So is his demeanor, his attitude, and his philosophy as he has expressed it in articles relating to his quiz "killing." Possibly I am quibbling about terms, but I think it was of great value to the enormous TV audience to see, admire, and come to be enthusiastic for a man whom *they*, at least, regarded as a pure egghead. I still believe Charlie has opened the way for other eggheads (whom Mr. Shayon would regard as the real McCoy) to endear themselves through television to that mass public which tends today to regard them as sissies and possibly as Commies.

Furthermore, Mr. Shayon's implication—that the use of *materia cerebra* for fun, games, gambling, and profit is anti-humanistic, hence anti-intellectual—certainly would disqualify *me*, as a writer, for his accolade. When will the intellectuals learn that it is fun to have a brain, but not a crime at all to use it now and then to make a little dough if you can manage that without cheating yourself or anybody else? Or am I wrong? Does intelligence connote monasticism and esthetic ability depend on poverty for its validity? If those assumptions of our self-appointed eggheads are true, they must prove it by jettisoning half of all classic literature and art, music, philosophy, and science!

PHILIP WYLIE.

Miami, Fla.

INTELLECTUALS, UNITE!

I DO NOT agree with Robert Shayon's article concerning Charles Van Doren. His proposition that a "loyal intellectual" has no business appearing on a quiz program seems to me rather infantile. Loyal to what, if I may ask? It is about time that intellectuals took their proverbial heads out of the proverbial sand. Intellectuals of the world, unite!

CORNELIA STEINBERG.

Whittier, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Now I'll be the *second* man in the world to eat an oyster—only I'm going to take the shell off mine first."

THE FULFILLED WOMAN

MY HACKLES ROSE as I read the concluding lines of Phyllis McGinley's review of Mary McCarthy's latest opus: "One can picture her [Mary McCarthy] in any number of difficult, sharp-witted, fervent roles; but as the happy wife and mother, no. There is not that much triteness in her" (*SR* June 8).

Many happy wives and mothers are successful writers. Many others are successful painters, musicians, actresses, heads of colleges, banks, and businesses. What's trite about them?

ESTHER BRADFORD ARESTY.

Trenton, N.J.

DEFENDANT: MISS McGINLEY

IN MY RECENT review of Mary McCarthy's "Memories of a Catholic Girlhood," I find you have misquoted me. The final line but one should have read as follows: "One can picture her (the author) in any number of difficult, sharp-witted, fervent roles; but as a happy little wife and mother, no." In other words, I was saying that Miss McCarthy, no matter what her upbringing, would never have grown up to be merely a placid, matter-of-fact housewife. Since I loathe quotations marks coyly framing a cliche, I eliminated them around the phrase "happy little wife and mother" in the belief that the time-worn women's-magazine epithet needed none. Unfortunately, the "little" was deleted, and the sentence made to read baldly, "happy wife and mother." The ironic overtones disappeared along with the adjective.

Since Miss McCarthy is, like me, a mother and a wife, I feel that the deletion does an injustice to both of us. Your readers will come to the conclusion that I—the arch-apostle of woman's biological importance—am against motherhood and wifehood! Sirs, there are those who think I invented both states. Please defend me.

PHYLLIS MCGINLEY.

Larchmont, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Here is one case where a "little" omission makes a large misunderstanding. Our apologies.*

NERTS

IN THE ARTICLE "Reflections on Sea and Space" (*SR* June 22), P.R. writes: "No informed man alive does not acknowledge that it is only a matter of time before men set foot on the moon." I have been a student of dynamics and celestial mechanics for close to sixty years, and I can say unqualifiedly that space-travel is an absolute (and eternal) impossibility. The whole space-station project is so nonsensical that the only word to describe it amongst really "informed" people is *Nerts*.

HAGBARD EKEROLD.

Cooperstown, N.Y.

NOT TOO LATE

IS IT TOO LATE for me to order reprints of Dr. Schweitzer's wonderful Declaration of Conscience?

MABEL BARDE.

Phoenix, Ariz.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reprints are still available. Schweitzer Declaration of Conscience: 1 copy 5¢; 50-99 copies 4¢ each; $3.50 per 100; $30 per 1,000. Round Table Discussion plus the Declaration: 1 copy 10¢; 50-99, 8¢ each; $7 per 100; $55 per 1,000. Please send check with your request to Reprint Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.*

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TV AND RADIO

"There's Nothing Wrong with Television"

"WHAT'S Wrong With Television?" is everybody's hobby-horse. The U.S. Senate is astride it now with its recently published Subcommittee Report on Juvenile Delinquency.

The Senators began with an honest concern about "the cumulative effect of crime-and-horror programs on the personality of American children . . . Are these presentations a contributing factor in juvenile delinquency? . . . It was found [about many of the programs shown during children's viewing hours] that life is cheap; death, suffering, sadism, and brutality are subjects of callous indifference." It is true that "relative to the relationship of juvenile delinquency to TV crime and violence . . . there is no irrefutable body of research data . . ." Since "broadcasters usually do research which is close to their immediate operational problems, they cannot lay out large-scale plans . . ." Who is to do the necessary research then? The report goes on: "Why has no foundation stepped in and helped to clarify the new role which TV is likely to play? . . . Unfortunately, the chances for such a turn of affairs are limited at this moment, because of the kind of criticism which has been leveled against foundations in recent years . . .

"The Subcommittee recommends that the National Science Foundation extend its work to support research in the crucial area of the effect of mass media on young people . . . It strongly recommends the immediate establishment, by legislation, of a Presidential Commission composed of outstanding men and women . . . etc., etc. . . . to study and investigate, report periodically, encourage, and stimulate . . . so that steps may be taken to eliminate or change practices harmful to children . . ."

The Senators must have been growing weary at this point. Just as winning a highbrow award in TV is usually the kiss of death to a program, so is a Presidential Commission to legislation. What recommendations does the report make to the broadcasting industry? More monitoring of programs by the NARTB. Get that holdout 40 per cent of station-owners into the club. Tighten up the wording of the "voluntary" TV code. Show that good-conduct seal more often (what ever happened to that seal, anyway? I never see it on TV anymore). "Promulgate standards as to minimal requirements to maintain program balance."

The closest the Subcommittee comes to touching substance with its toe is in its gentle reminder to the FCC that it "cannot evade the responsibility it has under the law for concern with program content" (based on a Supreme Court decision in 1943, which the FCC has conspicuously ignored). The Senators pull in asking the FCC to "develop standards and criteria" and then immediately haul with "such standards would be subject, of course, to judicial review to determine their reasonableness" and, "The Subcommittee has rejected and now reiterates its rejection to suggestions for some kind of government censorship."

SOME of the Subcommittee's notions about TV are so remote from reality as to be funny: to wit, "Why shouldn't it be possible to get performers and writers together, and have them devise programs which everyone thinks would be desirable and beneficial? Would children listen to them? Would they have good effects? And even prior to that, do we really know what we mean by a good program? Are there people available who could write them? Psychologists and writers must meet and work together. Funds must be obtained to produce programs for experimental purposes, regardless of whether a television station or network is willing to put them on the air.

"There is a definite need for studies of the life histories of programs. How they are commissioned, how they are written, and why they are finally put on the air. Very competent and conscientious people could provide the public with an objective picture of the situation."

Ah, what such a tale would unfold! In writing television melodrama—when you've blundered into a box and there is not time to go back to the beginning—you usually resort to the "Marines' Ending" (hero in a trap, villain with gun talking when he should just shoot and get it over with, enter precipitately the police, FBI, etc.).

The Senate Subcommittee Report on Juvenile Delinquency has its "Marines' Ending," too. After thesis, dialectic, and conclusion the statesmen speak the very last word: "In answer to the question, what's wrong with television? The answer is that nothing is wrong with television."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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THE DEVIL YOU SAY

Authors have always found the devil an attractive personality, at least as far as titles are concerned. Lucy Black Johnson of Riverside, Connecticut, cites examples and asks you to assign the proper title to the proper author. Hell gapes on page 29.

1. "The Adventure of the Devil's Foot"	( )	Stephen Vincent Benét
2. "The Black Prince"	( )	Ambrose Bierce
3. "The Daemon Lover"	( )	Elizabeth Bowen
4. "The Devil and Daniel Webster"	( )	James Branch Cabell
5. "The Devil in Massachusetts"	( )	John Dickson Carr
6. "The Devil in Velvet"	( )	John Collier
7. "The Devil Is an Ass"	( )	James Fenimore Cooper
8. "The Devil Rides Outside"	( )	Arthur Conan Doyle
9. "Devil's Cub"	( )	Howard Griffin
10. "The Devil's Dictionary"	( )	Shirley Ann Grau
11. "The Devil's Disciple"	( )	Georgette Heyer
12. "The Devils of Loudun"	( )	Aldous Huxley
13. "The Devil's Own Dear Son"	( )	Ben Johnson
14. "The Doctor and the Devils"	( )	C. S. Lewis
15. "Lucifer in Starlight"	( )	George Meredith
16. "Prince of Darkness"	( )	J. F. Powers
17. "Satan in the Suburbs"	( )	Bertrand Russell
18. "Satanstoe"	( )	George Bernard Shaw
19. "The Screwtape Letters"	( )	Marion Starkey
20. "Thus I Refute Beelzy"	( )	Dylan Thomas

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Heavy Artillery

A MOVIE like Stanley Kramer's **"The Pride and the Passion"** brings smiles to the faces of motion-picture executives. (Some executives were present at the screening I attended, and I saw them smiling.) They don't always smile, mainly because they are so worried much of the time. The weekly attendance figures for movies have had a way, of late, of swinging wildly to a high point of perhaps 80 million customers around Labor Day to a low of 30 million or so in mid-winter. Box-office take for one movie may amount to $5,000,000, and for another $500,000, even though the two might have cost the same amount to make. The executives know that the audience is out there somewhere waiting, like a marvelous fish to be baited, but which hook will it take? Well, when they see something like "The Pride and the Passion" they know they have the answer. No worries. Kramer may have spent $5,000,000, but he came through.

There is daring and creativity and calculation that goes into a movie project like "The Pride and the Passion." First of all, the possibilities in a fairly obscure, but very good C. S. Forester story, "The Gun," had to be recognized and assessed. The story tells of a large, ornamented cannon found abandoned by some *guerilleros* during the Napoleonic conquest of Spain, and the part it played in the subsequent withdrawal of the French forces. Some of the story was kept, new elements added, most of the history thrown out. Kramer then rounded up a star combination—Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra, Sophia Loren, not only because there were tailored parts for them in the picture, but because the combination guaranteed the financing he needed.

Almost any enterprising, fairly reputable producer could have gotten that far, but the distinctive qualities in Kramer made him go a lot farther. For one thing, he went to Spain for six months where he recruited a virtual army of Spaniards, obtained permission to use historic monuments and shrines for settings, and organized one of the most extraordinary logistical operations in movie history. He, in other words, dragged the big gun over half of Spain, decided that for spectacle one must be truly spectacular—and set up his cameras on carefully scouted vantage points, used helicopters when there was no ideal vantage point, built several replicas of his cannon because of the rigors it would be put through, built a wall in front of the walls of Avila so that it wouldn't be necessary to knock down the real one.

One result of all this effort is that the spectacle in "The Pride and the Passion" looks real, and very much unlike the sleazy effects gotten by De Mille in several of his cardboard and plaster epics. To make peasants look ragged and like peasants, Kramer got the people and the clothes dirty. When a monster gun runs wild down a mountainside it is a real effect and not something worked out in a laboratory.

Stanley Kramer began by producing low budget pictures of quality, but he has been slowly adapting himself to the change in the motion-picture economy, and meanwhile demonstrating that he is not only an astute judge of material, but a thoroughgoing professional. There were doubts about him as a director, there will be none now.

THERE is more romance than history in the end-product, and it is an adventure spectacle with an added ingredient—the theme of people rising up from defeat to repel the conqueror. For the latter the big gun serves as an eloquent if rather obvious symbol. As the virtual star the cannon does nobly—if it doesn't exactly out-act Sinatra, Grant, and Miss Loren, it is usually there, like Everest. While the gun deserves a special Academy Award, Mr. Sinatra must be commended for his restrained and appealing *guerillero* leader, Mr. Grant for his stalwart, understated British captain, and Miss Loren for her good looks.

Franz Planer's photography is not only superior, but often haunting as it captures something of the look and quality of Spain. And there are Spanish people by the thousands, who, child-like, seem to have done everything Mr. Kramer asked them to do. It's a big package he has put together, and there are a lot of fine things in it, and no one in Hollywood is worried about how big or small the audience is for it, or whether it will make any money. When you make a picture like this, they know these things take care of themselves.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

So Far This Summer

IF ANYBODY wants to know what we've been doing this summer, we've been flying a jet over Brooklyn, been spit on by a gorilla in St. Louis, and been addressed by Mr. Robert C. Harnsberger, who says they have made a pipe organ out of the stalactites in Luray Caverns, Virginia. That's what we've been doing this summer.

As for Harnsberger, a cool and precise gentleman in a blue seersucker suit, he deposed and said that three years ago an electronic engineer appeared at Luray Caverns, a natural underground phenomenon ninety miles from Washington, claiming that he could build an organ of concert quality out of the stalactites hanging from the ceiling. The stalagmites growing from the floor—Harnsberger had no trouble remembering which was which—were much too thick and would not vibrate like stalactites. Moreover, the engineer said, he thought he could make it play manually and electronically.

Naturally, the Luray people looked him up and he turned out to be one Leland W. Sprinkle, a civilian electronics expert working with the Air Force at the Pentagon. Besides being an electrical scientist, he was also an accomplished musician, was Sprinkle. The thought about the organ first came to him some years back when his son, then four years of age, bumped his head on a stalactite. It was a ping heard 'round the cave.

With a green light from the Luray owners, Sprinkle showed up underground with thirteen English tuning forks and a hammer trying to find which stalactites sounded which note when struck. Out of the giant cavern known as the ballroom, only two stalactites were in perfect pitch. There then arose the question, "How do you tune a stalactite?" Very few people indeed had any experience in this line, so Leland W. Sprinkle went to work with a high-speed disc grinder, and using aluminum oxide as a grinding agent honed the stalactites until they produced perfect pitch when struck. According to Harnsberger it is "concert pitch," so perfect "you could tune a piano from it," presuming one could get a piano in the cave.

With the stalactites all tuned, each was fitted with an electric hammer which would strike it on signal, producing a note in perfect concert pitch. Sprinkle then manufactured a perforated plastic roll much like the music roll that fitted on the old player pianos. When the roll revolves over its cylinders small metal brushes make electric contacts which in turn energize the electric hammers which strike a tuned stalactite. When this is done properly the ruddy cave can play "Bells of St. Mary's," "Silent Night," or the "Garbage Man Boogie." They do not have any boogie yet, although the organ can play six songs so far, all appropriate to the seasons.

Lately a console has been fitted up so artists can play the thing, and a couple of weeks ago a State Trooper and a registered nurse got married down there, 264 feet under the sidewalk. A few of the local sharpers thought this was running matrimony into the ground.

It took five miles of wire for Sprinkle to get the organ hooked up, and since the notes come from corners of a three-acre underground hall what you really have, says Harnsberger, is stereophonic sound. Each note has a natural reverberation of two seconds and the overall sound is rather like a marimba.

The property on which Luray stands, or reposes, just off the Skyline Drive, was bought by T. C. Northcutt in 1905, one of the nation's first practitioners of air-conditioning. He had tried to manufacture air-conditioning without much success and became interested in the caverns because they were loaded with cool air. He boarded guests who suffered from hay fever, pumping up the cave air and dispensing it throughout the house through ducts. While the system seemed to benefit the hay fever victims, it wasn't profitable in other seasons of the year and Northcutt developed the caves as an exhibit. It was a great place for excursions during the Twenties when the round-trip railroad fare from New York was $6.50. The biggest outing ever held was in October 1921, when three railroads which had been operating excursions on alternate days got mixed up. All chose the same day and sent trains loaded with 10,000 people to Luray Caverns. And they didn't even have the organ then.

• • •

AS FOR that uncouth gorilla by the shores of the Mississippi, well, we ran into him in the course of a tour through the St. Louis Zoo in the company of George Vierheller, a ruddy man with a short-sleeved shirt, a summer straw hat, and one of those Western leather-thong ties. Mr. Vierheller is no ordinary zoo director. He believes in animal shows and there is some doubt whether a zoo ought to become a circus. There is *no* doubt, of course, that the children love what is going on, and at the entrance to the arena, where chimpanzees put on a twice-daily show, several attendants were trying to park their strollers, an item of motherly equipment which the zoo people kept referring to as "Cadillacs." "Park your Cadillac over here, mother," they shout, pointing to a huge assemblage of strollers of many colors. The children were licking "snow cones," which come in two flavors, red and blue, and were filtering into the chimp arena, which holds 3,800 pint-sized patrons.

After the chimp show was over Mr. Vierheller invited us to visit the gorilla cages with him. "That Phil, he's the largest gorilla in captivity. Came to us as a twenty-two pound youngster. He used to chew on his fingernails, but he carried it too far, so if he moves around the cage slowly, that's why. Everytime he sees me he stands up. That's because I bring him a bottle of beer or a snow cone." We walked towards the cages and an assistant asked Vierheller what kind of beer he wanted. "Budweiser," he said. Then he walked towards the cages bottle in hand and sure enough Phil stood up. But a smaller companion got so excited he began running around the cage at a merry trot. "Now don't walk past this point," the attendants told us, "or he'll spit all over you." We never budged, but a cascade of gorilla spittle fell over us anyway, blown perhaps by a Mississippi breeze. "Congratulations," the zoo people told us, "you are now a member of the zoo board."

• • •

NOW that brings us to this story about looping around in a jet over Brooklyn, which we did partly because the commercial jets are coming in a year and a half, partly because we never dared. Of course, about all *our* jet and a commercial jet have in common is the speed and method of propulsion. Pan American expects to open jet service to London on its Boeing 707s by December of next year. Domestic jets will be taken aloft by American a year from the middle of next March. And United Airlines thinks it will be flying DC-8s, the Douglas jet, two years from now, running from New York to Honolulu

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in nine and one half hours, or slightly less than the present time from the East Coast to Europe.

Our plane was nothing at all like these. It was known among the inner circle out at Floyd Bennett Field in Brooklyn, where we flew it, as F9F-ST. It was a Grumman Cougar in the employ of a Navy flight team known as the Blue Angels, a crew which flies diamond formation at 650 miles an hour, with their wings three feet apart.

Used as a trainer and to give susceptible types a free ride, the airplane had two seats, one behind the other. We were given a G suit, a gold helmet, instructions on how to eject ourselves from the plane if necessary, and a paper to sign which relieved the Government of all responsibility.

From there on in our notes read something like this:

> stick moved back between knees. It moved right and touched knee . . . moved left . . . Pilot on intercom: "We check everything in the world. Sometimes we wear 'em out by checkin'." . . . crew chief making signs like third base coach . . . red landing gear thing shot up . . . sky came up right side . . . couldn't . . . oh, 320 miles an hour . . . 60-degree bank, so . . . hose spraying water . . . Pilot on intercom: that's o.k. that's our air conditioning . . . Manhattan on my head . . . 7,500 feet . . . Pilot: "We came up slow. Came up in minute and a half . . . 2-3,000 feet a minute in climb . . . Have to go slow in busy ea . . ." . . . 9,000 feet now. 410 mph. standing still . . . Constellation took off from Idlewild . . . crawling . . . Pilot on intercom: "If we maintain heading we'd be in Pensacola in hour and forty minutes . . . Range is 1,200 miles. Takes a little over two hours . . . Burning 4,000 pounds of fuel an hour which is 650 gallons. Airplane takes off with three tons of fuel. Each landing has to be calculated according to speed, amount of fuel left. . . . At 35,000 feet we burn 300 gallons an hour and make 230 more miles an hour. Temperature at that height is 65 below." . . .

At this point the pilot decided to show off some of the equipment. "Sometimes the plane yaws, or sways from side to side. It is difficult to stop because as soon as I'm ready to give it one rudder it's coming back the other way." He forced the plane to yaw and it began to sway over Brooklyn. "Now I have an automatic yaw dampener, watch it go to work for me."

The plane stopped swaying. The pilot's voice crackled again on the intercom. "How much you weigh?" "One seventy," we answered. Then he said, "That's your weight at gravity, but sometimes when we fly against gravity we pull two or three G's, which means two or three times our weight. Changing direction gives a G force and sometimes causes a gray out, a red out, or a blackout." There was a pause, then the voice crackled again. "To slow down for a landing we have to drop two pie-shaped pieces of metal. That slows us down, otherwise we'd crack the speed of sound just landing. I'll drop them."

The plane lost its feather-on-a-cloud feeling, began to drag through the air. "See that? Just like flying into a tub of molasses."

The notebook read:

> Coney Island coming up at my shoulder . . . 340 knots . . . Pilot: "We're slow here but we're pulling 2 Gs just turning." Couldn't get pencil to move. Pilot: "Dropping our wheels and flaps." . . . Lovely Manhattan straight up for once . . . Sailboat pooping along over bay . . . Just noticed rear view mirror . . . down.

The Blue Angels are seven pilots and seven planes which travel all over the U.S. performing some eighty shows a year. In eleven years they have lost six pilots. They started flying propeller planes, but soon they are turning in the Grumman Cougars for Grumman Tigers which are supersonic in level flight. One of them recently shot itself down by flying into its own cannon fire.

What do pilots think the future of commercial aviation will bring? Said one: an ejection capsule so the whole interior of the plane will be ejected and float to earth by parachute. Snug in a cabin, passengers could survive the drop at 20-30,000 feet where the temperature might be forty below.

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COLUMNIST EARL WILSON says that comedian Henny Youngman says, "You know what a tourist is? A tourist is an idiot with travelers' checks."

—HORACE SUTTON.

Gardening

Continued from page 19

information. I defy anyone with a glimmer of interest in growing things to attempt to resist the contagion of their enthusiasm.

The Kranzes' book and Henry Teuscher's **"Window Box Gardening"** (Macmillan, $4.50) might be put on your fall reading list—but don't forget them. The latter book does, however, accord considerable space to outdoors as well as indoor planting—tub planting, hanging baskets, vines for terrace and porch use. And for each phase there are full details about preparation, equipment, soil, techniques of cultivation, etc.

Recently a bewildering number of personal records of round-the-year gardening and nature have been published, some seemingly drawn from diaries and brought together—telescoped as it were—into a year's record; some drawn from newspaper columns carefully culled. In the latter class is **"Flower Growing in the North,"** by George Luxton, whose homely advice has been available to readers of the Minneapolis *Sunday Tribune* for many years. Mr. Luxton considers the demands of the season month by month, as well as the problems of specific plants. Even the most experienced gardener will find helpful hints here, delivered in a chatty style (University of Minnesota Press, $3.95). With the dearth of gardening material for the long winter-short growing season areas, this book and **"Year 'Round Gardening in the West,"** by John H. Hanley (Johnson Publishing Co., $5.50) meet a real need. The Hanley book covers soils, fertilizers, woody and herbaceous material, etc.

In the category of intimate records, **"Vermont Diary,"** by Viola C. White (Charles T. Branford, $3.50) is outstanding. But this isn't really a garden book; I'm just sneaking it in because I liked it so much. Miss White, a librarian at Middlebury College, finds wholesome satisfaction in long walks and shares her extraordinary and lively curiosity and observation of what she sees along country roads, in neighbors' gardens, across woodlands and meadows, uphill and down-dale. One feels one has gained a friend and widened horizons as one reads.

An enchantment newly discovered—the original edition came out ten years and more ago—is Hal Borland's **"An American Year"** (Simon & Schuster, $5). In Mr. Borland we have an American Richard Jefferies. His style has that quality of liquid prose only too rare in today's frenzied writing. He is a naturalist, a gardener,

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a countryman, a poet in his appreciation of beauty, a scientist in his keenness of observation. He takes us the season's round and shares his joys of country living.

Now for just a word on three useful reference books. **"Taylor's Encyclopedia of Gardening"** (Houghton, Mifflin, $5.95), a standard work, has been brought completely up to date in a revised edition that incorporates the latest developments in gardening techniques. Incidentally there is—though we've not seen it—a new Taylor book, **"Taylor's Garden Guide"** (Van Nostrand, $4.50), in the offing. Watch for it. . . . The second valuable first-aid to gardeners is **"An Encyclopedia of Annual and Biennial Garden Plants,"** by Charles O. Booth (Macmillan, $12.50). Here's a reference book that is based on the assumption that gardening deserves more recognition than it has been accorded. Here are descriptions of some 1,400 species, less technical in description than those in Bailey's, and with a very useful glossary. Growth, range, hardiness, characteristics, value in the garden—all are included. While the background is English, American methods of culture are considered. There are lists, with data for identification—all too rare in such volumes generally—as well as color and black-and-white plates. It all adds up to a useful encyclopedia. . . . Finally, **"The Encyclopedia of Roses and Rose Culture,"** edited by H. P. Champneys and Carl Withner (Prentice-Hall, $7.50) is a must for the rose enthusiast. Information for beginner or professional, from planning the rose bed to growing roses for exhibitions, this book has the answers. While the scale of operation outlined seems large, even the small grower will find it useful.

Now back to the garden! A much needed rain gave me time at the typewriter, but the ground is just right for some transplanting I dared not risk until the drought was broken. A salute to fellow gardeners—and don't forget to nurture that garden bookshelf!

SCIENCE AND MAN

What Our Future Holds

"The Next Hundred Years," by Harrison Brown, James Bonner, and John Weir *(Viking. 193 pp. $3.95), offers some educated guesses as to world population, food supply, resources of energy, and supply of manpower in the future. Louis N. Ridenour, our reviewer, is director of research and development, Missile System Division, Lockheed Aircraft Corporation.*

By Louis N. Ridenour

IN 1956 a trio of scientists from the faculty of the California Institute of Technology conducted a series of discussions with the chief executives of thirty of America's great industrial corporations on the premise that the lifetime of a corporation is, ideally, many times longer than that of a human individual and that corporate managers therefore should properly take a long view of the future of man on the earth. "The Next Hundred Years," edited by Harrison Brown, James Bonner, and John Weir, is a digest of the results. In a preface Lee DuBridge, the president of the California Institute assures us the conferences were highly successful.

The general purpose of the conferences was to explore the future of the earth's natural resources in relation to man and his technology, both present and future. After some preliminaries devoted to giving a picture of the present worldwide availability and use of natural resources, the authors go on to consider the future.

Their attention is directed mainly at problems involving the level of world population, the availability of an adequate food supply, resources of stored energy, and the supply of technical manpower.

The summaries of the present situation in regard to all these matters are entirely fascinating. To give one example, the contrast in the average way of life between an American citizen and an inhabitant of India is fantastic, even for someone who has been aware that there is a profound and far-reaching difference. Some of the figures offered by Professor Brown and his colleagues are as follows:

	U.S.	India
Daily per capita calorie intake	3120	1650
Original calories produced per capita per day	10,400	2200
Fertilizer applied per person per year	61 lb.	0.5 lb.
National per capita income (1949 $/yr.)	$ 1450	$60
Per capita coal production, tons/yr.	2.3	0.1
Per capita petroleum production, bbl./yr.	17	0.1
Per capita steel production, lbs./yr.	1100	7
Per capita electricity used, kwh./yr.	2900	21
Motor vehicles per capita	0.314	0.0008
Telephones per capita	0.313	0.0005

There is a good discussion of the problems facing an agrarian nation which desires to industrialize, and estimates are offered of the rapidity with which this can be accomplished. The current explosive growth of the world's total population is documented, and some of the supposed reasons for it are adduced. It is estimated that the minimum level at which world population might stabilize is seven billions of people, as compared with today's two and six-tenths billions. With some effort, food for this number can be made available by further application of present technology, without any assumptions about new qualitative improvements in agricultural efficiency.

After a consideration of the generation and use of power, the authors conclude that, while we are nearing the end of our carboniferous fossil fuels, atoms will hold us for a long time. Half the power requirement of the seven-billion-person world is expected to be filled by nuclear power plants.

If any criticism is made of this book—and the book is so good that any such criticism should be made in very mild terms—it might be that the authors have been overly cautious in attempting to avoid Sunday-

—*Martha Holmes.*

James Bonner, Harrison Brown, and John Weir—"long view of the future."

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supplement type of wild extrapolation. They have assumed only the mildest and most likely improvements in agricultural processes, in the utilization of solar energy, and in procedures for the extraction of metals from ores. This caution will probably make the book seem dated within a few years.

The history of all prediction in the last few generations has shown that we tend to err on the side of conservatism. I was a summer worker in the research laboratory of a large electrical apparatus company in 1938, at a time when a decision was made not to spend $40,000 on a cyclotron, presumably because there was nothing practical about neutrons. This was ninety days before the totally unexpected discovery of nuclear fission, and six years before Hiroshima. Examples could be multiplied, but the point is that, in any technologically-rich civilization such as our present one, man is simply not capable of envisaging wonders greater than those which occur. Jules Verne had it easy in the leisurely nineteenth century; today's science-fiction practitioners have been largely reduced to exploiting extrasensory perception and other brands of fantasy. The real world of technology is well ahead of the writers' imaginations.

Thus it seems odd that a book bearing such a title as "The Next Hundred Years" should make no reference to the possible future control of world-wide weather and the effects that this might have on human life. It is strange that, under circumstances in which man uses only about one ten-thousandth of the total energy reaching the earth's surface from the sun, the discussion of utilizing solar energy centers around space heating and the growing of sugar beets. Nuclear fusion is dealt with in one unenthusiastic paragraph.

Despite these mild complaints, I would recommend the book to anyone who is interested in knowing where the world is and where it is going.

MAN AND THE MACHINE: A few years ago, I met a scientist who in 1936 had written a book called "The Next Hundred Years." "How have things gone?" I asked, and he replied, "Everything has gone faster than I expected."

We are living in a remarkable time, a time when science and technology are moving faster each year—and a great debate goes on: "Will science and technology race beyond our control?" If they do, it will be partly because they first race beyond our understanding. Recently a businessman friend—a well-educated man—asked, "Where are today's Sir James Jeans and Arthur Eddingtons to give us new guideposts?"

Dean George Russell Harrison of Massachusetts Institute of Technology does not have Jeans's language—few do—but he is simple and readable, and in **"What Man May Be"** (Morrow, $4) he wraps much of what science is doing into a small, manageable package that will help inform any bewildered 1957 citizen. He considers the nature of matter, of energy, of life, of the earth as life's nesting place and the senses, natural and electronic, with which we understand and control matter and life. He ties it all together with a view of "expanding evolution . . . inanimate into animate . . . into ever higher living forms, as atoms gather into stars and plants and men."

All this is very skilfully done. But to me, as one who watches science, this fine book is even more notable because it also faces the essential question: "Will the advances of science degrade or ennoble us? Will future man be a human being or a robot?"

To those who fear the machine, he says: Far from being its slave, "man now has a choice as to whether he will use machines or remain . . . a slave to his poverty and hunger." To those who yearn for the "golden" past, he says: Such yearnings often resemble that of the actor "who said that, if given his choice of times . . . he would select the Victorian era, but with penicillin." To the "humanist" who asks, "What good automation?" he answers: "Was a man who had to work fourteen hours a day to afford a shack in which he could live on dark bread and soup better off than a worker . . . who by spending only half as much time . . . can have a comfortable home, a well-nourished family, and an opportunity for as much education as he and his children can absorb?"

Of course, he says, we have reasons for concern, even fright. But we are not the first frightened men. Every human being has lived in a delicate balance. Yet men have accommodated to this fact, and, more than accommodated, they have been most fruitful and happiest when responding to challenges and even crises.

What of those who still say: "Won't your H-bombs destroy us?" To this, Dean Harrison replies: "They have not done so yet. It is our responsibility to continue to prevent it."

—Victor Cohn.

EVOLUTION HANDBOOK: Marston Bates and Philip S. Humphrey have collected together into **"The Darwin Reader"** (Scribners, $6.75) the "most important and the most interesting parts" of the writings of Charles Darwin, who presented his discoveries and an immense reorganization of others' work in tome after tome—eighteen volumes all told—most of them so full of examples that they make dull reading. The two compilers appear briefly to introduce each selection. The rest is pure Darwin. Very wisely Messrs. Bates and Humphrey begin the book with an autobiography written as a personal message to his children which lets Darwin introduce his own work, giving it much more life. Selections from "The Voyage of the Beagle" follow to show Darwin's breadth of interest and his thoughts when he was collecting specimens and information in the field.

Fittingly too, the portions from "The Origin of Species" and the "Descent of Man" (which comprise slightly more than half of the "Reader") are prefaced by the historic letter of transmissal and "papers" communicated to the Linnean Society of London in 1858. One of these is an extract from the then unpublishd work on species of Darwin—the material expanded in "The Origin of Species" and later books. It shows briefly how "natural selection" operates on the natural variation in living things, eliminating the least fit, and gradually making changes which constitute evolution. To broaden the picture of Darwin's work, the editors have ended their anthology with selections from the 1872 book "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals," and from shorter accounts of independent investigations.

Those who have postponed dipping into Darwin's writings no longer have an excuse. They owe it to themselves to meet his mind at work. "The Darwin Reader" makes payment of the debt both pleasant and informative.

—Lorus J. and Margery Milne.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 4, 10, 3, 13, 6, 20, 18, 1, 8, 2, 9, 12, 7, 19, 15, 16, 17, 11, 5, 14.

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Portrait of a Writer in Flight

"Alias O. Henry," by Gerald Langford (Macmillan. 294 pp. $5), is a biography of the popular early nineteenth-century short story writer William Sidney Porter.

By DeLancey Ferguson

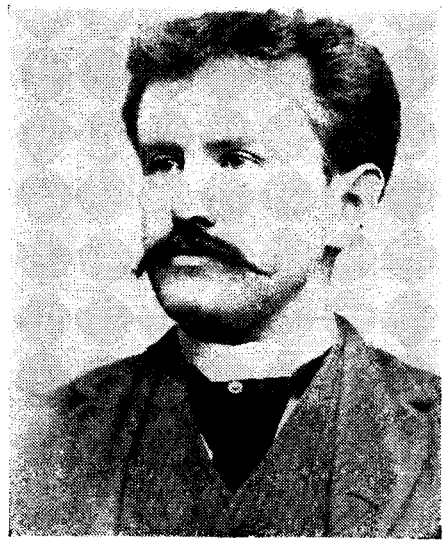
O. HENRY has been dead nearly as long as he was alive. In the decade after his death he was praised beyond reason; more recently, the pundits of criticism have deemed him scarcely worth damnation. Yet he declines to stay in the grave the critics have dug for him. Forty-seven years after, he is an author still in circulation. As Henry James put it, the extremity of personal absence has come upon him; he merits a fresh appraisal.

Biographically, O. Henry was already a legend in his lifetime, and the myth-making increased after Alphonso Smith's "Life" revealed a jail term for embezzlement. But Smith was reticent on many topics, notably Will Porter's personal habits and the unhappiness of both his marriages. The reticence is understandable—Margaret Porter, daughter of the first marriage, and Sara Coleman, the second wife, were still alive. Less understandable is the failure of later students to use Smith's documents. These lay untouched in the Greensboro, N. C., Public Library until Gerald Langford came along. Mr. Langford has used them and other previously neglected material (including an illuminating series of notes gathered in Texas, about 1914, by Hyder Rollins) for his just-published biography "Alias O. Henry." So far as written records go, the biographical facts are now probably as complete as they ever will be; for the facts in the life of Will Porter, Mr. Langford's scrupulously documented book may well be the last word.

The most important of those biographical facts is the jail sentence. All Porter's earlier life led up to it; all his later life was flight from it. Besides the evidence itself, Mr. Langford has studied the personalities of prosecutor, judge, jury, and defendant. His conclusion that Porter was guilty as charged will convince all except the incurable sentimentalists who refuse to believe that so charming a man could steal. Such extenuations as the story that one of the shortages occurred after Porter had left the bank, prove to be no more than hasty and wishful misunderstandings of the documents. Most of the embezzlement money, Mr. Langford thinks, went into Porter's amateurish and anemic magazine, *The Rolling Stone*.

Certainly nothing in Porter's character, early or late, forbids belief that he might have "borrowed" from the bank. He was always borrowing, and seldom repaying. At the Land Office in Austin he habitually drew advances against his next month's pay; in New York he was chronically overdrawn with his editors, and never hesitated to sell to one, for a fresh advance, a story already promised to, and paid for by, another. "He intended no dishonesty," says Mr. Langford; "he simply never learned that money is something to be earned and husbanded, not something to be found growing on trees." Even his open-handed charity looks a little ugly when the money given belonged rightly to someone else.

WILL PORTER was that most hopeless of characters, the charming, witty ne'er-do-well, always long on blarney and easy promises, always short on fulfilment. Confronted with a showdown, he backed away. "Mistake," says Mr. Langford, is not really the word for the flight to Honduras: "An action can hardly be called a mistake if it is the most characteristic action of one's life—the logical outcome of all that has gone before." And the logical adumbration, as well, of most that was to follow. Porter once compared himself to Lord Jim, and it is true that both were fugitives from the past. But Porter fled the present as well, with whisky and wise-cracks.



O. Henry as a young man in Texas.

Viewed in the light of his character, O. Henry's writing expresses the same flight from the difficult or unpleasant. "For all its emphasis," says Mr. Langford, "on the facts of life as he saw it around him, in the final analysis his work is never realistic. The surprise endings of his stories are not merely a device: they grew out of a childlike expectation of daily novelty and surprise to break the monotony of adult routine." Oddly enough, his Western badmen, dismissed by Eastern critics as unlifelike, are more realistic than his New Yorkers. The Old West had a flamboyant way of doing things which even O. Henry's imagination could not exaggerate.

Yet, though "there is hardly a single one of his stories which is not to some degree marred by sentimentality or farfetched coincidence or triviality of conception," the fact remains that the stories, once read, cannot be forgotten. Their plots, their humor, their punch lines stick in the memory as burs stick to a collie. Much greater writers have often failed to make that final capture of the reader. O. Henry's influence on the short story may have been deleterious, but his own work deserves the modest distinction which is all that his latest biographer claims for him: he is a minor classic.

TALL TALES: It becomes increasingly clear that native folk tradition is importantly a part of literature of the United States, from Irving and Cooper, through Melville, to Faulkner. Norris W. Yates in his study of **"William T. Porter and the Spirit of the Times"** (Louisiana State University Press, $5) traces the beginning of "the Big Bear school of humor," the proliferation of tall tales told straight-faced or with knee-slapping emphasis by comic realists who contributed to one of the most successful sporting magazines of the mid-nineteenth century. The *Spirit of the Times* was a thoroughly masculine publication, dedicated to hunters, fishermen, breeders and trainers of horses, and men interested in the lore of turf and field. Factual reporting of Jockey Club meetings was interspersed with side-splitting accounts of rural racing, "where morality is a handicap and bets, oaths, fists, and knives fly thick and fast." But some of the best tales were of bears who were shot with difficulty or never shot at all, panthers,

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Pick of the Paperbacks

UNDERSTANDING HUMAN NATURE. *By Alfred Adler. Premier.* 50¢. "Know thyself" is the key to this discussion of more harmonious living by an eminent psychologist who with Freud and Jung pioneered in modern psychiatry.

WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN? *By Budd Schulberg. Bantam.* 35¢. A mordant success story about a "little ferret of a kid" who climbed from a New York slum to become the largest rat in Hollywood.

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON. *By Claude Anet. Translated by Guy Chapman. Signet.* 25¢. Originally titled "Ariane," this is a cool French novel about a resourceful Russian young lady who uses uncommon guile to capture the love of a worldly older man.

LIFE AND LITERATURE IN THE ROMAN REPUBLIC. *By Tenney Frank. University of California Press.* $1.50. The work of early Roman dramatists, historians, and poets is set against the background of their own world in this discussion by a distinguished classical scholar.

PLATS DU JOUR. *By Patience Gray and Primrose Boyd. Penguin.* 85¢. From *pot-au-feu* to pheasant, a collection of continental recipes interlarded with some very British culinary instructions.

CULTURE, LANGUAGE AND PERSONALITY. *By Edward Sapir. University of California Press.* $1.50. Collected essays of a Yale social scientist, ranging from cultural anthropology to linguistics.

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rattlesnakes, mosquitoes, and tremendous fish, of rural courtships and of embarrassing situations in which bumptious or simple people found themselves. Sometimes the stories were told as true, more often with a ponderous wink or a guffaw at the end. Mr. Yates is himself a competent storyteller who acquits himself well, whether summarizing tall tales or tracing the fortunes of a magazine which ultimately failed.

—Lewis Leary.

HAWTHORNE AND ORIGINAL SIN: Roy R. Male in **"Hawthorne's Tragic Vision"** (University of Texas Press, $3.75) contributes importantly to the body of mature interpretation which during the past several years has been directed toward one of America's first major literary artists. Mr. Male's thesis is that Nathaniel Hawthorne's "one fruitful subject" was the problem of moral growth, and that he found in Original Sin, which was to him the love of man and woman, the prototype of all tragic action. Thus Hawthorne's major romances are all love stories, in which woman offers "an ambiguous promise of involvement and redemption, passion and purification," which, when man can accept it, leads him to higher insights. As he traces this theme through Hawthorne's principal writings, Mr. Male is effectively persuasive, though in fitting the romancer to so restricted a pattern, he may sometimes press strenuously to put all parts in place. Hawthorne can be read with pleasure and, if desired, with profit without Mr. Male as guide, but his insights, conditioned by his place in the company of other critics committed to the proposition that esthetics and morality are closely kin, will help toward understanding of Hawthorne's belief that man in developing to full human potential must, in Mr. Male's words, "become fully involved with time yet retain his unique ability to stand aside from its fleeting onrush and contemplate the eternal." —L. L.

THE FICTION OF DESPERATION: The conflict between the individualism of the modern writer and the community of modern industrial society has produced pathological conditions of two sorts: book-burnings, and a new brand of fiction which Irving Howe in **"Politics and the Novel"** (Horizon, $3.50) calls "history as nightmare," the book which is totally dedicated to portraying inhumanity in terms of an art-form which evolved from the humanitarianism of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The result is often not art at all but despairing propaganda, and is likely to be praised or damned according to whether the critic agrees or disagrees with the author's politics. Henry James could write "Portrait of a Lady," a book in which there is a good deal of concern with politics, in such a way that national, international, and social concerns are faithfully reproduced on the individual level. The repressive governmental "they" of Orwell, Koestler, Malraux, and Silone is almost never present in James, and never presents a threat to the author's equanimity which cannot be resolved artistically. "Nineteen Eighty Four," on the other hand, is the compulsive product of a sick man in a sick society, and represents conflicts that the author could not resolve either personally or artistically but only rhetorically.

Irving Howe in his new book depicts the shift from the gentlemanly to the desperate by a shift in the emphasis of his treatment from the artistic to the doctrinal. Dostoevski is talked about in pretty traditional terms, while contemporaries are spoken of in relation to their rhetoric and ideology. The trouble is that the reader is left with a bewildering sense of discontinuity; the difference between the nineteenth- and the twentieth-century political novel is one of kind and not of degree; the book is a series of discrete essays and not a synthesis or history. Howe is at least partially aware of this fault, and almost apologizes for it. The best apology, however, is the essays themselves, which despite their subjectivity are stimulating.

—Thomas C. F. Lowry.

ALSO NOTED: "The History of a Literary Radical & Other Papers by Randolph Bourne" (Harbor Press, $3.75), brings together the four slender volumes Bourne left when he died in 1918. Here in handy form is the work of a bright and influential mind, holding forth with courageous optimism on topics as various as literature, college presidents, universal military training, and baby-sitting. —L. L.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 733

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 733 will be found in the next issue.

QFPC, WLZC F TFKTFBE

SLBW, TLWW GDLWW

YC MNK DN

DANGC TAN TNN ACB

TLDA DNN

GWFJLGA ZOCCG.

ZCFDG.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 732

Snobbery is the pride of those who are not sure of their position.

—Berton Braley.

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The Newspaper Press in 1952

***"Slanted News," by Arthur Edward Rowse** (Beacon. 139 pp. $3.95), is a study of how thirty-one leading newspapers handled the Nixon and Stevenson fund stories in the 1952 campaign in their news columns.*

By L. L. L. Golden

NEWSPAPER editorial pages have always been free-wheeling in their criticism. As the publishers see fit, they let fly from the floor in all directions, particularly at politicians. In turn, the press as a whole and individual newspapers have been attacked by politicians who have thought they could gain thereby.

But there has been little consistent, informed, documented criticism of newspapers in the sense that there has been of administrations. Books, radio, television, almost every aspect of life have been under attack by newspapers. There is almost no regular, informed counterpunching against newspapers.

As criticism by the press is fundamental to a free society, so is criticism of the press. That is why a slight volume called "Slanted News" (Beacon Press, $3.95), the work of Arthur Edward Rowse, a copy reader on the *Boston Traveler,* has unusual value. It isn't that Mr. Rowse is especially convincing. It is simply that he has made an attempt at a careful, factual, documented study of two related political events in the Presidential campaign of 1952: the handling by the newspapers of the Nixon and Stevenson fund stories which caused so much furor at the time.

Mr. Rowse's concern is not the bias the newspapers expressed in their editorial pages, but their handling of the news, news that is supposed to be objective, uncolored by editorial policy views, and is presented to the public as factual reporting.

How do the newspapers fare under Mr. Rowse's scrutiny? His analysis, he tells us in his summing-up, "tends to support the hitherto unclarified assumption by many critics of the press that papers Republican or Democratic on their editorial page are correspondingly Republican or Democratic in their treatment of the news."

TO that conclusion most voters might yawn and say: So what? We always thought so. But to the newspaperman, the thoughtful reader, the conscientious citizen, Mr. Rowse's conclusion can't help but recall the conflict between the professed beliefs of many newspapers and their practice.

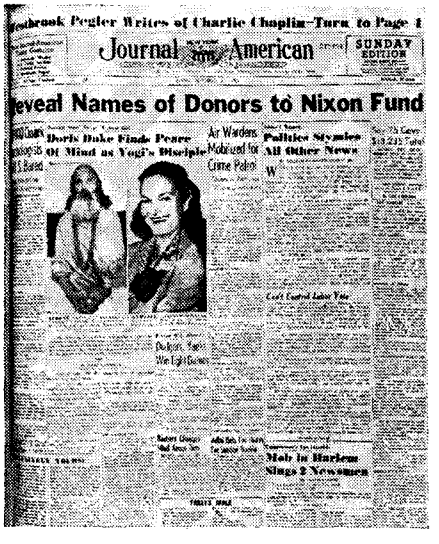
Slanted or biased news is not as frequent today as it used to be when personal journalism was more prevalent. With fewer newspapers, the responsibility of publishers to present news with as little bias as is humanly possible becomes more urgent.

The best newspapers slant their news for policy reasons. The *Christian Science Monitor* slants its news on crime and medicine, in keeping with its policy. So does *The New York Times,* eminent as it is, in matters of crime stories of national importance. Neither one is guilty of major slanting in international or domestic political stories.

For his study the author took thirty-one newspapers: eighteen morning papers, all favoring Eisenhower; thirteen evening papers, three of them for Stevenson and the other ten for Eisenhower. The nation's best newspapers are represented. They had 27 per cent of the daily circulation in the country and 42 per cent of the Sunday circulation. The study begins on Thursday, September 18, 1952, when the *New York Post* broke the Nixon story, and continues for eleven days.

The number of column inches carried by the newspapers on the Nixon and Stevenson fund stories are not the author's measurements of objectivity. Rather, he goes into that hazy area which involves the judgment of men on the news desk. This is a dangerous area if one tries to match after-judgment against the on-the-dot-judgment of the men responsible for heads, location of story, and interpretive news writing, that type of "background" reporting which has become high fashion with so many editors.

IN MANY cases chosen by Mr. Rowse, his argument is not convincing, for in the production of a daily newspaper with multiple editions many factors, even with the best of intentions, may result in what looks like a slanted handling of a story. He seems to say, but not very clearly, that rival candidates deserve stories of approximately equal length. On that basis all news judgment goes out the window and the newspapers might just as well forget that one candidate can make news on a given day and the other can be practicing his old platitudes on the same day and in time for the same editions. If what looks like Mr. Rowse's view were followed then the newspapers would simply copy the *New York Daily*


Journal American
SUNDAY EDITION
eveal Names of Donors to Nixon Fund
Boris Duke Finds Peace Of Mind as Yogi's Disciple
Air Wardens Mobilized for Crime Patrol
Politics Stymies All Other News
Mob in Harlem Sings 2 Newsmen

Front page of the *New York Journal-American,* September 21, 1952.

Secret Rich Men's Trust Fund Keeps Nixon in Style Far Beyond His Salary
Another Brooklyn Victory?
'Taft Running Ike To Defeat'—Morse

—From the book.

First news page of the *New York Post,* September 18, 1952.

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News's Battle Page, where the candidates or their representatives are given exactly equal space.

What Mr. Rowse does not consider, and might well have, were the origins of the Nixon and Stevenson fund stories. Would the United Press have picked up the Nixon story quicker, and would the Associated Press have waited for several more hours before sending out its story, had it not been based on a heavily slanted, editorialized copyright story which first broke in the *New York Post,* a paper not noted for its objectivity? Had the charge on the Nixon fund been made by Stevenson or Truman would it have received spotty treatment? Had the charge on the Stevenson fund been made by Eisenhower or Nixon, would it have been dealt with in the same way?

These are germane questions which the author does not deal with. But despite these failings of the book, despite what may be satisfactory answers by the editors or publishers of the newspapers charged with slanting, the book merits consideration by those who are interested in the public getting a clear, factual report of what is being said and done in political campaigns.

Box Score on the American Press

ARTHUR EDWARD ROWSE'S conclusions as to how 31 leading newspapers handled the news about the Nixon and Stevenson funds:

Baltimore Sun: "Presented a remarkably well-balanced display for each political party on its front page. The headline writers stuck to the facts, and except for a few minor lapses its correspondents did, too."

Boston Daily Record: "New England's largest-selling daily paper gave unabashed support to Eisenhower in its news columns."

Boston Post: "Except for the first day, the *Post* gave the Nixon fund affair generous display and well-balanced articles. But Stevenson was treated as an also-ran, trailing Nixon, McCarthy, Eisenhower, and the Public Library in about that order."

Buffalo Evening News: "In campaign news stories and headlines clearly favored the Republicans."

Chicago Daily News: "Seemed to give a clear edge to the Republican side."

Chicago Daily Tribune: "After the election it announced that during a thirteen-week period it had printed 385,680 words of campaign news; the paper said this was 'comparable to such novels as Gone With the Wind.' No doubt it was. Review of *Tribune* performance during the time of the Nixon fund shows just how windy the paper's ideals were."

Chicago Herald-American: "Showed considerable partisanship in its front page news columns."

Chicago Sun-Times: "Demonstrated a conscious effort to give each candidate as nearly equal display as the news warranted. Whenever it did appear that there was favoritism, however, the Republicans usually seemed to get the advantage."

Cleveland Plain Dealer: "Generally tried to balance the routine campaign stories, it seemed to show its preference for the Republicans on its front page."

Des Moines Register: " 'The newspaper Iowa depends upon' showed that it could be depended upon to favor the Republicans."

Detroit Free Press: "Printed a slogan daily under its nameplate on its front page: 'On Guard for Over a Century'. Although the words probably did not refer to politics, the paper showed during this study that it was guarding Republican interests well."

Detroit News: "Did not show as much favoritism as some other papers in this survey, but when it did, the advantage was unmistakably for the Republicans."

Indianapolis Star: "Made abundantly clear on its front page where its political preferences lay."

Kansas City Star: "The net result on the front page was an 'edge to Ike.' . . . But if the reader did not mind hunting through a lot of small type, he usually could get the other side of the story somewhere in the paper."

Los Angeles Times: "If the *Times* was trying to print 'all the news all the time,' the effort certainly was not apparent from a review of its front page during the period under study."

Milwaukee Journal: "The paper gave better front page news display to the Democrats, but the margin was not great—except for the cartoons."

Minneapolis Star: "There didn't seem to be enough room on the editorial page for all the opinions of the *Star.*"

New York Daily Mirror: "Judging from the performance of the *Mirror* in this study, the 'truth' meant Republican 'truth' as far as the news columns were concerned during the period studied."

New York Daily News: "Gave the largest daily and Sunday display to the party it favored."

New York Herald Tribune: "For the most part, the *Tribune* treated the political news fairly and completely. But when it didn't, the advantage usually appeared to favor the Republicans."

New York Journal-American: "No newspaper in this study showed more political favoritism in its news columns."

New York Post: "The paper consistently gave Stevenson the advantage not only on its editorial page but also in its news columns."

New York Times: "The *Times* has its critics, and sometimes they have a point. But there was not much to criticize in the paper's front page treatment of the campaign news."

New York World-Telegram and Sun: "Did not always follow its own advice. The paper undoubtedly shed some light but it was predominantly in Republican hues."

Philadelphia Evening Bulletin: "In the selection, display, and tone of stories for the front page, the paper gave the Republicans the advantage."

Philadelphia Inquirer: "The *Inquirer's* survey of news space showed that during the campaign the Democrats got more space than the Republicans. But during the period of this study the Republicans got better treatment in the more important aspects of selection, display, and tone of the news."

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette: "Comes very close to living up to its high ideals."

Portland Oregonian: "If any favoritism was apparent in the *Oregonian,* it came in the selection of stories of secondary importance for front-page treatment. In this category, there seemed to be an advantage for the Republicans. But this advantage was relatively small compared to that of other papers in this survey."

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "The Republicans were heavily favored in the news columns during the period studied."

St. Louis Post-Dispatch: "In the few examples where it [bias] was evident in news treatment, the Democrats seemed to be favored."

San Francisco Chronicle: "Apparently the readers of the *Chronicle* saw better than [the managing editor] where the paper could provide fairer coverage than it did."

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

—Robert Parent.
Jimmy Giuffre (left) and Gerry Mulligan at the Jazz and Folk Festival, Lenox, Mass.

JIMMY GIUFFRE:

Blues in Counterpoint

By NAT HENTOFF

JIMMY GIUFFRE (pronounced "Jeu-free") with characteristic lucid determination, is becoming a significant—though soft—individual jazz voice. He is also the freshest spirit to emerge thus far from the widely publicized but relatively conformist villages of modern jazz on the West Coast.

At first survey, Giuffre is impressive in a protean sense, for he has established a reputation as a baritone and tenor saxophonist, clarinetist, arranger-composer, and leader; but his essential impact is as a writer and theorist.

As a player, Giuffre's various instrumental skills are most communicative in his own compositions and as voices in his own unit. He is, however, an able jazzman in other situations, and is a particularly persuasive clarinetist. The Giuffre clarinet speaks almost entirely in the low and middle registers as he has not yet attained sufficient technical ease to move higher with swift assurance. (When the visiting French critic, André Hodeir, was informed that Giuffre would be teaching clarinet at the School of Jazz this August at Lenox, Massachusetts, Hodeir asked in mock innocence, "But who will teach the upper register?".)

The Giuffre clarinet, limited as it is in range, nevertheless represents the most intimate, pastoral sound the instrument has projected in jazz since the all too few times Lester Young played it in the late 1930s. But even on the clarinet, his best instrument, Giuffre is not a burning, plunging jazz improviser of the stature of Dizzy Gillespie, J. J. Johnson, or Zoot Sims.

Giuffre's power is in his growing ability as a writer and group leader to create a strongly integrated original body of jazz material in which written and improvisatory lines are intertwined—nearly all of it suffused with a natural, folk-blues spirit quite unlike the approach of any of his contemporaries in the sophisticated modern jazz milieu. Giuffre's folk-blues flavor is unique because within it, he has developed the most personal jazz language of his career, a language that is lyrically subtle, uniquely contrapuntal, oriented to contemporary harmonic developments, and propelled by rhythmic innovations of its own.

In appearance Giuffre is close to a prototype of a spare, laconic Texan. Born in Dallas thirty-six years ago, he was a clarinetist at nine and added tenor at fourteen. He was graduated with a Bachelor of Music Degree from North Texas State Teachers College in 1942. The school, directed by Gene Hall, is the only accredited college in the country to offer a four-year program of study in dance band music and jazz. Giuffre gained experience in the school orchestra and dance bands, and headed his own twelve-piece unit there in his senior year.

Upon being released from the service, Giuffre enrolled at the University of Southern California to obtain his master's degree in music, but became strongly influenced instead by Dr. Wesley LaViolette, a classical composer and private teacher whose pupils have included other jazzmen, notably Shorty Rogers. Giuffre left USC and studied with LaViolette for many years.

His jazz career meanwhile was following familiar terrain. He arranged and played for Boyd Raeburn; worked and rehearsed with local bands in Los Angeles; played and wrote for Jimmy Dorsey; and in 1947, composed "Four Brothers" for Woody Herman. The work was written for three tenors and a baritone and helped more than any other piece to establish the influence among modern big bands of that particular reed section voicing. The piece itself, as French writer Guy Kopelowicz noted recently in *Jazz-Hot*, still sounds quite fresh and compelling ten years after its first appearance. (Ten years in jazz writing sometimes has a startling aging effect on material once thought perennially "modern.") The original version of "Four Brothers" with Zoot Sims, Herbie Steward, Stan Getz and baritone saxist Serge Chaloff is contained in Woody Herman's album, "The Three Herds," Columbia CL 592.

FOR all their flowing, vigorous charm, "Four Brothers," and further Giuffre arrangements and originals for Herman and other bands, were not especially distinctive. The works indicated that Giuffre was a considerably more than competent band scorer; but they also showed that he was not as personally inventive an arranger as, for example, Gerry Mulligan among his contemporaries. Giuffre was still finding his way.

After further experience with the bands of Buddy Rich, Woody Herman (playing as well as writing this time), Garwood Van and Spade Cooley, Giuffre settled in the Los Angeles area. He was with the dauntless Howard Rumsey All-Stars at the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach from 1951-1953 during which time he began to appear frequently in the tiers of jazz albums being manufactured on the West Coast. From 1953 until he formed his present combo, Giuffre worked and recorded with Shorty Rogers's Giants and other

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units which were based in Los Angeles.

The slow, careful evolution of Giuffre as a markedly individualistic writer from this point on can, to some extent, be traced through a series of recordings that began in 1953. Paul Desmond of the Dave Brubeck Quartet recalls coming home from work near sunrise one night in 1953 to find Giuffre on his doorstep. Giuffre had just completed a fugue for jazz instrumentation and was so anxious to show it to a musician whom he respected that he had traded sleep for a reaction. This "Fugue" was recorded by Shelly Manne (Contemporary C2503) that year and underlines the linear preoccupation that continued to identify Giuffre's writing. Also part of Giuffre's maturation was his "Evolution," recorded by him in 1953 with Teddy Charles (Prestige LP 7078); and an atonal "Alternation" contained in another Shelly Manne album (Contemporary C 2511). "The composition," Giuffre noted, "is contrapuntal, the harmonies being the result of the melodic lines . . . the bass, piano, and drums play melodies rather than a rhythmic beat."

GIUFFRE'S first set as a leader was for Capitol in 1944 (Capitol T549); but it wasn't until the second Giuffre Capitol collection, "Tangents in Jazz," the next year that he began to be recognized as a strong, controversial musical personality whose ideas had begun to fuse into an unmistakable and newly challenging style. In the "Tangents" experiments, he was primarily concerned with making jazz "with a non-pulsating beat. The beat . . . is acknowledged but unsounded. The two horns are the dominant but not domineering voices. The bass usually functions somewhat like a baritone sax. The drums play an important but non-conflicting role."

He had, for the time being, abandoned the "sounded beat," he explained, "for clarity and freedom. I've come to feel increasingly inhibited and frustrated by the insistent pounding of the rhythm section. With it, it's impossible for the listener or the soloist to hear the horn's true sound, I've come to believe, or fully concentrate on the solo line. An imbalance of advances has moved the rhythm from a supporting to a competitive role. . . . I think the essence of jazz is in the phrasing and notes, and these needn't change when the beat is silent. Since the beat is implicit, this music retains traditional feeling; not having it explicit allows freer thinking. . . ."

A conscious beginning in writing with a pronounced folk-blues quality can also be heard in the "Tangents" set in originals like "Leprechaun" (Capitol T634).

The next Giuffre album was on Atlantic, "The Jimmy Giuffre Clarinet" (Atlantic 1238). It was more variegated in mood, richer in texture and more assured in attack than the previous two under his name. The first track, "a very slow blues, recorded in pitch dark with just clarinet and the sound of my foot tapping," is succeeded by varying instrumentations and several moving studies in sonorities. There is a track on which the drummer uses only his fingers; several without drums at all; and more and more of the blues and folk feeling that has since come to dominate all his work.

This album also included further developments in Giuffre originals that were almost entirely written but which, when played by jazzmen, had an improvised feeling. Throughout the volume there is a pervasive softness that is surprisingly strong in retrospective effect. Giuffre notes in the liner essay: "It has been said that when jazz gets soft it loses its gusto and funkiness. It is my feeling that soft jazz can retain the basic flavor and intensity that it has at a louder volume and at the same time perhaps reveal some new dimensions of feeling that loudness obscures."

Two further influences were to more directly shape Giuffre's work. In September 1956 he heard vintage blues singer Joe Turner for the first time by means of Joe's "Boss of the Blues" LP for Atlantic.

"What especially impressed me about Turner," Giuffre continued, "is that he retained his personality through the different kinds of material he sang. He wasn't monotonous; I don't mean that. But he was always himself. And I began to see that I, on the other hand, had been changing my personality all the time. If I were playing with a Basie-type group, I'd sound more like them, and the same with a bop unit. I was a little bit of Stan Getz and Miles Davis and Charlie Parker and a thousand different things, depending on whom I was with. Now, the more I've come to absorb and develop this folk-blues feeling along with my own approach to counterpoint in playing and writing, I'm getting to be able to be myself nearly all the time, no matter whom I'm with. It's been a revelation to me.

"My feeling about the blues and what I'm doing in jazz," Jimmy explained, "is that there's a way to make contact with the old blues and shake off thereby some of the cliches involved in being 'modern' and yet still have a modern sound to what you're doing. I don't know if modern is the exact word, but the word I mean is the opposite to 'dated.' I want to have the timeless quality of the blues and I also want to use what has been learned in music since the blues began.

"I can't describe how I do it," Jimmy went on, "but in a piece like 'Crawdad Suite' (from Giuffre's newest and most valuable album, 'The Jimmy Giuffre 3' (Atlantic 1254), I did make contact with the feeling of what I call the old blues. And in 'The Train and the River' in the same album, I didn't even know it was going to be called that. I actually started to write a three-part invention but it ended containing strong folk elements. In all my writing, what happens is that I get a figure, an idea, and I let it spin out as close to improvising as I can.

"The feeling of the blues," Jimmy tried to clarify his terms, "is more than the music of the blues itself. It's a personal thing that comes out of a man's character. To be able to feel and play the blues, you have to have a straightforwardness, a down-to-earth way of being, and no pretentiousness. The blues, in essence, is a way of *being*. And for quite a while, those are the qualities of character that I've wanted to develop in myself. I think further that you can be that way and be from China. It's not a way of being that's limited to any one country or any one race.

"The blues," Jimmy emphasized, "have a happy as well as a sad feeling, and they're universal. There's an equivalent of the blues everywhere in all folk music—Irish and Scotch and early English and Hebrew and Hungarian and Oriental. Toshiko Akiyoshi, the Japanese girl who came here to study jazz piano, said that my piece, 'The Quiet Time' for Teddy Charles's Tentet album (Atlantic 1229) sounds like Japanese traditional music and that the way I play clarinet sounds at times to her as if it had Japanese folk feeling."

IN ADDITION to the rediscovery of the blues, another factor that has determined Giuffre's present direction is the influence on him of chamber music. "Chamber music had appealed to me since college, but listening to several works in the past year or so suddenly showed me more of the way I wanted to go. There was the Debussy 'Sonata for Flute, Viola and Harp' and a set of Beethoven variations on an aria from 'Don Giovanni' for two oboes and English horn. Also Hindemith's 'Kleine Kammermusik.' I heard the possibilities of each instrument being so clear, of no material being wasted, of each instrumentalist being an individual and having an

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Recordings Reports: Jazz LPs

PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA	REPORT
The Definitive Pearl Bailey. Columbia CL 985, $3.98.	Miss Bailey is a fine comedienne and has a large "supper club" following. She is also a jazz singer, one of the best. Her roots are soundly in the blues and relaxed improvisation is essential to what she does. Some of her best performances are here: "That's Good Enough for Me" and the hilarious "Baby, It's Cold Outside," with Hot Lips Page, among them. However, "Hucklebuck" (also with Page) is conspicuously absent, and this version of "Tired" sounds like a mere warm-up for the better-known one. On "Ma, He's Makin' Eyes at Me" she breaks into some of the most infectious laughter ever put on records.
Jazz Impressions of the U. S. A.: Dave Brubeck Quartet. Columbia CL 984, $3.98.	The Brubeck Quartet has a new drummer, Joe Morello, whose model seems to be the compulsive Buddy Rich. If Rich's playing may be said to swing, then Morello's does. There are times when he seems to encourage Brubeck into playing with his kind of beat, but neither an unquestionable swing nor Brubeck's inventive talents make up for the shallowness of feeling in so much of this music. Altoist Paul Desmond continues to sound like a man in need of a better milieu.
Cool, Calm, and Collette: Buddy Collette and his Trio. ABC Paramount 179, $3.98.	Collette plays flute, clarinet, and saxes with his West Coast group. A largely dull recital with a few hints of what might have happened. On flute, he can be nothing more than lushly prettified. On clarinet, he is more articulate. Some say that an LP with so many tracks (there are eleven here) does not give a soloist time to build. If we remember what some achieved in the days of 78s, with choruses of forty seconds, the excuse seems questionable to say the least.
Clifford Brown All Stars. Emarcy MG 36102, $3.98.	The late Clifford Brown was a trumpet virtuoso with an almost inexhaustible capacity for making staccato variations on chord sequences. Here he was involved (in 1954) with H. Geller, J. Maini, W. Benton, K. Drew, C. Counts, and M. Roach in prolonged versions of "Caravan," which is rather ragged except for Drew and Roach, and of "Autumn in New York," which shows what Brown was undoubtedly working on: a combination of the song of Miles Davis and the rapid facility of Gillespie and Navarro.
Park Avenue Patter: Don Redman and his Orchestra. Golden Crest CR 3017, $3.25.	Redman was one of the first, if not *the* first, to score jazz successfully and make the swing band possible. His talents are still formidable, but for this record they were used to produce forty minutes of polite chi-chi. Even the talents of such men as C. Hawkins, J. Wilder, H. Jones, and O. Johnson hardly manage to show through the goo. An incongruous waste.
Orgy in Rhythm, Vol. 1: Art Blakey. Blue Note 1554, $4.98.	What a deal of racket this might have been: Blakey, A. Taylor, Jo Jones, and S. Wright with bongos and assorted Latin and African percussionists, plus R. Bryant's piano, W. Marshall's bass, and H. Mann on African pipes. It turns out largely interesting and sustained, with a fascinating spontaneity and striking variety. Most important is the way we hear how music (any music) evolves from rhythm and metre.
Australian Jazz Quintet, plus 1. Bethlehem BCP 6015, $4.98.	This group has an almost uncanny ability for turning the devices and sounds of contemporary jazz into a stiff, polite, uninventive cocktail music. Only on "You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To" does the dullness cease. The "plus 1" refers to Osie Johnson, a thoroughly professional drummer whose work has saved many a New York cool date from apathy, but even his liveliness doesn't enliven.
Trumpets All Out. Savoy MG 12096, $4.98.	Trumpeters A. Farmer, E. Berry, C. Shavers, E. Royal, and H. Baker, with rhythm, in solos on a "ballad" apiece and on five sketches by E. Wilkins. Frequently exhilarating and generally successful. Berry, merely decorative on "Love is Here to Stay," is beautifully creative elsewhere. Baker's "All of Me" is lovely, but on "Five Cats Swingin' " he merely riffs. Shavers is noisy, unswinging. Farmer's modern style is a lively contrast, with Royal a kind of bridge between schools.
The Jazz Odyssey of James Rushing, Esq., with Buck Clayton. Columbia CL 963, $3.98.	Rushing's voice is not what it once was, but his rhythmic sense, his ability to project emotion, and his honesty are still with him, and they are the important things. His stays in New Orleans, Chicago, Kansas City, and New York gave him the songs for this LP. The self-accompanied "Tricks Ain't Workin' No More" is a partly spoken blues drama, full of keen observation, and delightfully salty humor.
The Genius of Charlie Parker, numbers *one-eight*. Verve 8003-8010, $4.98 each.	Orderly reissuing of Parker sessions by the Granz labels begins. Some alternate takes are included. *Five* is all new, a quartet run-through on some Porter tunes, interesting for a fine countermelody on the first take of "Love For Sale." *One* is the "big band" set, with "Lover" and "Dancing in the Dark," and *six* is the "south of the border" date. More sustained are the other sets, with the kind of groups in which Parker functioned best. *Four* reunited him with a subdued Gillespie, had a provocative Monk and the wrong drummer in Buddy Rich. *Three* is the soaring quartet session. *Seven* has tunes with a vocal group ("Still of the Night" surprisingly effective), some with K. Dorham and a quintet, and more quartet tracks. *Eight* has groups with R. Rodney and with M. Davis, and a "Star Eyes" which again shows how Parker's metre broke up the static, late-swing "jivey" beat—the essence of his contribution. *Two* repackages the over-ripe "with strings" sessions and includes "Just Friends," the only one of his records Parker conceded he liked. And no matter how much *we* are moved and amazed by this man's creativity, we seldom have a feeling of "passion spent" or order restored; we do not hear the finality with which an Armstrong, Hodges, Bechet, or Monk speaks. We may even hear impatience. Parker's was a tremendous talent, but he never learned his limitations and therefore never really arrived at his own maturity and form. Aside from *three, six,* and *eight,* useless notes and often no personnels.
'Round About Midnight: the Miles Davis Quintet. Columbia CL 949, $3.98.	Although, like many today, Davis may over-extend himself with one chorus too many, his current bitter-sweet melodic conception is of a high order. J. Coltrane's tenor ranges from harmonically provocative to trite. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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individual line to play. I also should say that I learned a lot from the linearly inclined jazz groups like Gerry Mulligan and the Modern Jazz Quartet although I had my ideas of how I wanted to write jazz before I heard them."

The firmly identifying multilinear topography of all Giuffre's work is based on a principle he learned from Dr. Wesley LaViolette that he terms "slow-motion counterpoint." Giuffre defines the process: "I have found this technique, used to varying degrees, in the works of Bach, Beethoven, Shostakovitch, LaViolette, John Lewis of the Modern Jazz Quartet, and Jim Hall. The crux of this idea is the marked contrast of the melodies being used against each other. The result is a certain feeling of suspension, of dissonance if it's handled right. In slow-motion counterpoint, for example, if one melody is an eighth-note pattern that is changing notes often, the other melody changes notes much less often, perhaps only every four bars. And for rhythmic interest, the slow-changing line can be broken up by repeated notes and rests. A third line and possibly a fourth could be proceeding at other varying rates of speed simultaneously. In our present trio, while the clarinet is playing eighth notes, the bass might be playing whole notes and the guitar could be in between. They're all co-ordinated so that you can hear every note each man plays.

"For the listener," Giuffre feels, "the contrast between lines made possible by this approach provides the clarity that is necessary for him to be able to follow *all* the lines; and to a certain extent, the listener will have more time to absorb each harmonic feeling, because in my writing, the harmonies are the results of the lines rather than the lines being fitted to the harmonies."

Giuffre's approach also interweaves improvised with written lines. "We have sections where I write two lines and the third man improvises. I'm trying most of the time to avoid the soloistic jazz context in which each man blows freely and uses the background only as an impetus for his solo blowing. We do some of that, but we concentrate on each man listening to what every one else is saying. If, for example, one of us has a solo, I may write a sort of pattern for the background men that sets a mood or a sound. The soloist begins to get into this pattern and the performance turns out to be a three-part sound. Or a pattern in the background may emerge so strongly that, let's say, a bass line

(*Continued on page* 39)

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Serenata Renata (Tebaldi and DC-6)

NOT many things can survive unchanged in a modern city for forty years without showing the ill-effects attendant upon lack of change. It is a tribute to the perseverance of those involved that New York's Lewisohn Stadium concerts have passed the milestone of four decades, but it is hardly a tribute, in any other way, to the largest city in the world that its summer music-making is surrounded by noise and ugliness, inconvenience, and sheer esthetic futility.

A current instance was the recent appearance of Renata Tebaldi, who accepted an engagement on the evening of the day she arrived from Havana (with no time for a rehearsal of any kind), prior to taking ship for Italy the following day. In such circumstances, rain would have washed out the appearance, as no alternate date was available. Fortunately for the Stadium's bank balance, it did not rain, though threatening, humid weather reduced the expected attendance of 20,000 to not much more than half that number.

Following a coarse playing of Rossini's "Gazza Ladra" overture under the generalized direction of Julius Rudel, Miss Tebaldi performed "Tacea la notte" from "Trovatore" in a broad manner appropriate to the surroundings. Latecomers wandered past earlycomers as she sang, directed to seats by ill-attired ushers with not much interest in their work. Two intermezzi from Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna" were omitted for unspecified reasons, the most probable being that this brought the intermission closer, also the point-of-no-return for the ticket holders, in case of rain. Planes passed overhead on schedule at 8:29, 8:40, 8:50, etc. Planes also pass overhead at outdoor concerts these days in such scattered localities as Aspen (Colorado), Aix-en-Provence in France, and the Hollywood Bowl. The Lewisohn Stadium occupies an unfortunate situation directly on the approach path to Idlewild. Sometimes I think incoming aircraft utilize its illumination as a convenient check-point.

Miss Tebaldi, in excellent voice, sang a variety of other Verdi arias ("Forza" and "Otello") with power and authority, two qualities which suit her work very well to listeners served by amplification a city block away. She is an engaging performer, and there is little doubt that those who paid the modest admission charges were adequately compensated. But I shudder to think of the reports Miss Tebaldi would have to bring back to Italy about *al fresco* conditions in New York compared to those in Rome, Verona, or Florence.

Of the Stadium's forty seasons, I have been a paying (or paid) attendant in nearly thirty-five. Originally the stage was within ear-range of the tiered stone "bleachers," and a wide variety of well-played orchestral music could be enjoyed minus amplification. Some attempt was made to beautify the area with shrubbery, and even the atmosphere seemed more co-operative. Lately (meaning for fifteen years or more) the stage has been pushed back to the extremity of the field, amplification has eliminated any semblance of natural sound, and the whole endeavor has declined to a kind of "poor-mouthed" block party in which masterpieces of Beethoven and Brahms, Mozart and Tchaikovsky are the sacrificial lambs served (en brochette) at bargain prices.

The ironic footnote to this situation is the current misuse of a prized location in Central Park for slipshod "dramatic" presentations sponsored by New York's Grand Poo-Bah Robert E. Moses. An outdoor arena seating 3,000 has been created in a locale otherwise used for a skating rink, a reasonable enough idea, save that the "attractions" (first a ballet program, then a widely disparaged revival of "Rosalie") have drawn minimum response from press and public. This seating capacity could hardly solve the Stadium problem, but intelligent application to all the values involved might adapt the favorable site for the solution of a long-standing problem. Or perhaps Mr. Moses thinks that 12,000 people would be "too many" to clutter up Central Park?

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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THE RISE OF PARISIAN JAZZ

By ANDRE HODEIR

AMERICAN jazzmen who have visited Europe recently are unanimous about one thing: Paris now shares with Stockholm the distinction of being the foremost jazz center of the world outside the United States. Such a statement will surprise those whose memories of French jazz are five or six years old, but it fits the facts. One can even bet that the extraordinary rise of the Parisian school will not stop there and that before long it will be incontestably superior to any other European school.

French jazz, which was born in the early 1930s, owed its prestige for a long time solely to the great guitarist Django Reinhardt. Around this brilliant star gravitated a certain number of satellites who gave the illusion of forming a world. But what a pale, tiny thing this world was! The first French jazzmen, most of whom had come from dance bands, possessed a certain amount of professional training; some were good instrumentalists. What most of them lacked was a real love of jazz which would have driven them to become true jazzmen. Among the very small number who did become this were the saxophonist Alix Combelle and the violinist Stéphane Grappelly, who was and still is a genuine improviser.

Just after the war Parisian jazz was in a period of stagnation that left it ill-prepared for the message of the first modern musicians. On top of that, the public didn't pay attention to anything but Dixieland, played with triumphal success by amateur bands which, in spite of their inexperience, brought a breath of fresh air to an atmosphere poisoned by dull routine. The young students of Claude Luter's band proved winning not only because of their faithful imitations of 1923 King Oliver, but also because even their awkwardness contained real fervor. Perhaps because they knew they were incapable of playing anything besides the music they were drawn to, they refused to make any compromises and, by their attitude, prepared the way for the subsequent success of the modern school.

That's how it happened that the first modern jazzman of genuine excellence, the alto-saxophonist Hubert Fol, made his start in an amateur Dixieland band. The danger—and many players were unable to skirt it—lay in never getting away from this amateurishness. It didn't take a very high level of professional ability to imitate Johnny Dodds; but the same thing was far from being true for someone who found his inspiration in Charlie Parker or Dizzy Gillespie. The relative failure of Hubert Fol, who had the makings of a great jazzman, symbolizes the plight of a whole group of musicians who were too much attached to the fun of playing and not sufficiently devoted to the work required.

The absence of competition was also a delaying factor in the development of the modern school. Young musicians with very great possibilities stopped moving ahead because they had reached the top too soon. More than one easily satisfied soloist was made sterile by the realization that, after making only a limited effort, he had become the best trombonist or the best vibraphonist in France.

It took several years before the amateurishness that had marked the rebirth of jazz in France was finally supplemented by a sufficient amount of professional maturity, giving life to a whole movement. Toward 1953, under the drive of men like Henri Renaud and Tony Proteau, the young jazzmen of Paris began to emerge from their anarchy in order to organize bands. One of the first was formed by Pierre Michelot, the excellent bass player whose participation in the European tours of Gillespie, Hawkins, Lester Young, Miles Davis, and others has made him the French instrumentalist American jazz circles know best.

At that point Paris became sufficiently powerful as a center to induce the best jazzmen of Belgium to leave Brussels in order to come and live on the Left Bank. This reinforcement increased the value of the Parisian school considerably by the contribution of such remarkable personalities as the vibraphonist Sadi, the pianist-arranger Francy Boland, and especially the tenor-saxophonist Bobby Jaspar, long considered the best European soloist. At the time of its formation (1954), the Jazz Group of Paris, whose two albums will soon be available to American listeners (one on the Transition label and the second on Atlantic) was an international ensemble made up of two Belgians, two Americans, and six Frenchmen.

The career of Bobby Jaspar summarizes fairly well the destiny of the European jazz musician—the amateur who became a professional as the result of a personal effort, first drawn to the great continental centers (Brussels, then Paris) and then to America (and not without success: Jaspar was elected Tenor Sax New Star in the last *Down Beat* Poll of international critics, and the justness of this award has been demonstrated by his performance in the J. J. Johnson Quintet). By leaving Europe for the United States, Jaspar followed the example of Bernard Peiffer, the brilliant Alsatian pianist who, quite recently, has aroused such lively quarrels in the American jazz press—quarrels that the public should be able to arbitrate after listening to his excellent Emarcy album (MG 36080).

France is generally regarded, in Europe, as the "country of pianists." Limiting modern French jazz to a school of piano would surely be unjust to such accomplished musicians as the trumpeter Roger Guérin or the saxophonist Armand Migiani (who may be heard on the recordings of the Jazz Group of Paris), and it would neglect the future possibilities of as talented a saxophonist as Barney Wilen. Still, it is certain that no other instrument has brought to the fore a cluster of names as significant for the French listener as Maurice Vander, Raymond Le Senechal, and on a still higher level, René Urtreger, one of the European musicians who swing the best.

FROM this very incomplete enumeration we have so far omitted the name of Martial Solal, the musician who, in our estimation, stands head and shoulders over the rest of the French scene. He is the only French soloist since Django Reinhardt who has created a personal world within the jazz universe. His style is not merely original: it incorporates the most recent acquisitions of American jazz and carries them to a degree of coherence never before attained, except perhaps by Thelonious Monk. It might be possible to criticize Martial Solal for a certain coldness; but we believe that this would mean being taken in by the external consequence of this

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musician's attitude, for he likes to keep at a distance and not put himself in the foreground when he plays. The American listener will be able to get an exact idea of Martial Solal's mastery, inventiveness, and swing by listening to the album of the Kenny Clarke Sextet recorded in Paris last November, which is to be released by Epic ("Jazz on the Left Bank," LN 3387). Solal is helped there, it is true, by a rhythm section (Kenny on drums and the Belgian bass player Jean Warland) of a kind rarely heard in Europe.

FINALLY, French efforts have been directed during the last few years toward the large band. Thanks to the financial support of the most important record companies, some composer-arrangers have been able to express themselves in something besides projects. Michel Legrand may seem to be more a very skilful arranger of popular tunes than a real jazzman and Claude Bolling may try above all to perpetuate the Ellington style of the 1940s, but Martial Solal and Christian Chevallier have obviously succeeded in a domain where French attempts had always been episodic in character.

The French like to give prizes—and to receive them. Christian Chevallier got no fewer than four awards last year: the Prix Django Reinhardt of the Académie du Jazz, the Grand Prix du Disque, the Prix Stan Kenton (awarded by the famous bandleader), and the Louis d'Or of the magazine *Jazz-Hot*. The album honored by these various "Oscars" was one made by a band of eighteen musicians—the first French album of modern jazz in the style of Bill Holman, the California arranger, that can be compared to the most interesting of recent American efforts in this field. This record has so far been released only on the French Columbia label.

Of course, it might be pointed out that these successes have been made only on records and consequently have no future. It is true that Chevallier's band, like Solal's, has no regular existence; they are simply "pick-up bands." Moreover, even if they had the chance to work together daily—which is something only "combos" can do with the French market the way it is—their leaders would be faced with a difficult personnel problem. Good jazzmen are still rare enough in France for bandleaders to be tempted to employ only the best elements. That's why the same players frequently appear in the recordings of various French big bands.

It is certain that recordings like those of Christian Chevallier, the Kenny Clarke Sextet, and the Jazz Group of Paris reveal an effort that is admittedly exceptional (notably in regard to the number of rehearsals). But what counts the most is results. And those that have been obtained—they would have been absolutely out of the question only five years ago—are proof, we believe, of the rise of Parisian jazz.

(*Translated by David Noakes.*)

—*Angel Records.*

The Christian Chevallier Orchestra: (left to right) the leader; trumpets Fred Gerard, Roger Guerin, Christian Bellest, Lucien Juanico; trombones Nat Peck, Charles Vaerstraete, Andre Pacquinet; French horn Dave Amram; baritone sax William Boucaya; tenor saxes Bob Spar, Jean-Louis Chautemps, Armand Migiani; alto sax Jean Aldegon; bass Pierre Michelot; drums Christian Garros.

Giuffre

Continued from page 37

that was intended as background suddenly becomes the foreground line. Sometimes all the lines are ad lib, a more difficult challenge; but even in that case we try to retain the same collective approach."

As Giuffre is devoted to writing as jazz expression, he was asked why he had decided to form a traveling group and open himself to the rigors and uncertainties of the road. He could probably support himself at home by writing and by studio and recording work. He has received commissions, one of which, "Pharaoh," is contained in the Jazz and Classical Music Society's "Music for Brass" (Columbia CL 941). Another, "Suspensions," was one of six works commissioned by Brandeis University for two performances in June 1957 as part of the university's Fourth Festival of Creative Arts, and recorded by Columbia.

GIUFFRE'S reason for continuing to play and travel is that "although I wanted to be just a writer, I began to see that the more I played jazz, the more I learned about writing jazz. I'm now certain that not only a jazz musician but a jazz writer has to play constantly. Maybe it was Confucius who said it, but there's a line that applies to what I mean: 'Regularity is the secret of progress.' And a jazz writer has to write out of his continuing experience as a jazz player.

"It seemed to me, then, that the closest to an ideal situation was to find a group with which I could play as I wanted, and as I wrote. I looked for the musician, not the instrument, in forming the trio. I mean that the idea of guitar and bass along with my own horns was not pre-set. I had already worked with Ralph Pena in the 'Tangents' album. The trumpeter in that session, Jack Sheldon, couldn't leave Los Angeles; and I couldn't find many drummers who were interested in adapting to our use of the drum and who would travel. I had heard Jim Hall, and immediately liked what I heard, but was at first afraid of the electronic sound of the guitar. I could tell, however, from his playing and background that he'd fit, and he does manage to get less of an electronic sound than anybody I can think of.

"We've been together a few months now, and we're beginning to develop an overall dynamics and sound. It's the way we want to go. We don't try to say that it's the way everybody should go, because everybody has to go his own way."

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Coming Home

Continued from page 9

on Wednesday evenings at 7:30 in Turkey, where we had no Donald Duck or Vanishing Prairies.

One little unplanned incident that had occurred during a television program became in our no-doubt romanticized concept of home a kind of symbol of average Americanism, middle-brow, emotional, spontaneous, sincere. President Eisenhower was scheduled to speak at a banquet commemorating the honorable history of the Jewish people in America. Before the telecast began, the group heard a young singer named Eddie Fisher sing a song advising them when worried and unable to sleep to count their blessings instead of sheep. Evidently the President hadn't heard the song before. He liked its simple, sentimentally reverent message, and without hesitating gave up a portion of his time before the camera so that Eddie Fisher could repeat the song for the television audience.

While we were in Washington schools opened, and the Supreme Court's ruling that racial segregation in public schools was unconstitutional had its first tests. We read with misgivings about the actions of certain states and agitators and knew that this defiance of the law and the loud-mouthed neo-Ku Klux Klan rantings of a demagogue in Maryland (who two years later was to instigate the Clinton segregation riots) would make far bigger headlines abroad than the orderly way in which segregation was operating everywhere else, even in states traditionally color-conscious. As we saw it, the Negro problem was tremendously less troublesome than it had been ten years before. Yet we could almost see fellow-traveling papers of India and Ceylon playing up the isolated examples of "white supremacy."

Our house at that time was in a part of Washington which had once been a Negro slum area, then being cleared for small "Georgetown-type" rowhouses. There, certainly, was no segregation. Negroes lived all around us. When their children came home from school, passing through our court, some of them peeked curiously through the letter slot in our door. On Halloween they came, dressed in appropriate costumes, for "trick or treat." Our little girl's favorite friends were an American brother and sister, half Japanese, half Hawaiian, whose father owned a small grocery in our neighborhood. We were not aware of color bars or second-class citizens.

One of our friends had a part-time maid, a colored girl who came in twice a week to clean. She roared to work on her own high-powered motorcycle, dressed in black riding breeches and shirt embroidered with the insignia of her cycling club. Around her waist was a wide, brass-studded leather belt. On weekends she and her friends went on long happy trips. She would have been surprised to know what the people of South Asia say about the misery and humiliation of Negro life in the United States.

Just before we sailed we saw the Macy Thanksgiving parade, along with 2 million other people. For an enchanted hour we watched gigantic, helium-filled creatures march down Broadway, accompanied by Peter Pan, Long John Silver, Cinderella, movie stars, bands, clowns, sheer ecstasy. More than 1 per cent of the total population of the United States stood for hours in the chilly winds of New York's November, waiting for Santa Claus to be conducted in style to a department store. I doubt very much that a tenth of that number would have turned out to see the kind of parade Moscow shows its people: the newest tanks, heavily armed infantry, warplanes overhead. The "warmongers" about whom we had read so much in Ceylon were far more interested in Mighty Mouse and in drum majorettes than in weapons.

In New York, too, I saw the astonishing spectacle of a musical supermarket, Sam Goody's record store on West 49th Street. There people who love good music come by the thousands to be waited on by clerks whose knowledge of fine recordings is the result of absorbed listening, not of memorization of a catalogue. They stand in long lines before the cash registers, impatient to get to their high-fidelity players to try out their new purchases. Some buy the latest records of jazz; most are interested in serious music, which they know far better than their fathers or grandfathers. It was a real demonstration of culture spreading to the masses. And in the country which even our friendly critics abroad like to accuse of having no active culture!

These were some of the things we thought about and talked about during our stay in Turkey. Now we are back home again after two years. This time we are on assignment in Washington and will stay long enough to get a real look at our country. We'll have a chance to see whether we saw it in our last brief visit through too rosy a glow. I hope not—because for USIS officers who have the responsibility of explaining the United States and her policies to the people of foreign countries rose is not an attractive color.

France

Continued from page 18

tionalism and divisive passions. The progression from dictatorship to limited monarchy, from Order to Liberty was the *raison d'etre* of Bonapartism. This striking but not novel thesis falls short of being convincing. Mr. Williams fails because he does not adequately examine the nature of Napoleon's modernism. Napoleon launched France on a new course marked by feverish activity in heavy industry and financial ventures, by heightened tensions between capital and labor, by consequences which made the new entrepreneurs the chief beneficiaries and the new proletariat the chief victim of what Proudhon called "the new feudalism." Nor does he make enough of the fact that the dictatorship was no carbon copy of earlier authoritarian regimes, but one which looked forward, as J. Salwyn Schapiro has demonstrated, to the fascist dictatorships of our own day.

Mr. Williams has written an excellent exposition of what was valuable and worthy in the Second Empire; he has not proven his case for the Emperor. —Leo Gershoy.

TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS: In 1886 Maurice Paléologue was assigned to the intelligence service of the Quai d'Orsay, involving him in the inner developments of the Dreyfus case. From 1894 to 1899, he kept a diary of what he did and heard and saw. He "recast and pruned his daily notes," arranging them "into a tale of powerful dramatic interest, a tragedy in five acts." The expurgated diary, published as **"An Intimate Journal of the Dreyfus Case"** (translated by Eric Mosbacher; Criterion, $4.50) reads easily, is both accurate and genuine, but it adds nothing of consequence to the already familiar story.

Several aspects of the case lose nothing in the retelling. One is the staggering intellectual nullity of many officers of the high command. Paléologue's frequent references to the enormous faith that was placed in the army gives poignancy to the disclosures concerning its commanders. For obvious reasons patriotic Frenchmen had to cling in those years to the myth that their army was invincible and their officers incorruptible.

Most of all the diary is illuminating for what it reveals of the writer himself, an intelligent, alert, and honest man, honorable enough to jot down in his diary that he had to fight hard against his natural predisposition to think ill of his Jewish compatriots. —L. G.

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FAMILY ARMS — English, Scotch, Irish, European. Write M'Wethy, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

(*Continued on page 42*)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

WRITERS MAKE UP TO $18,000 A YEAR by following proven methods of Larston Farrar. He tells you precisely how to do it, in his new book: "How to Make $18,000 a Year Free-Lance Writing." How to get saleable story ideas . . . how to slant material for specialized markets . . . how to give rejected articles a fresh start . . . how to handle editors . . . how to boost your production . . . how to increase your free-lance income . . . and much more! 20 chapters of practical, step-by-step guidance for anyone who wants to write for money. Examine this great book 10 days free! Pay only $4.95 if you keep it. Or return it and owe nothing. Write for your free-trial copy now. Hawthorn Books, Dept. SR-1, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey.

LOVELY COUNTRY, IRELAND! Still dreaming of AVOCA HANDWEAVERS' amazingly beautiful collection tweeds, bedspreads, blankets, draperies . . . couldn't buy EVERYTHING! Do stop in Putney (or Avoca). Bleeding madras, Rajah, Bihar cottons, Aran sweaters, Tartans. Carol Brown, Putney 13, Vermont.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free homestudy course in the Catholic Religion. PAULIST INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 2 Columbus Ave., NYC 23.

WANTED—TV SCRIPT WRITER, expert American History. Submit resume. Box B-975.

TRANSLATOR—French, Spanish, German. Technical, but literary or scientific preferred. Box B-655.

EXPERIENCED TEACHER (sociology, economics) and administrator seeks opportunity in liberal college or boarding school. M.A. plus. Wendell East, 4833 Hulmeville Road, Cornwells Heights, Pa.

BROCHURES, POSTERS, ADVERTISEMENTS, designed by experienced free lance artist. Olsen, 5940 Tejas Road, El Paso, Texas.

MOVING FROM MIDDLE WEST to teach this fall in downtown Boston, middle-aged woman seeks pleasant living quarters. Box C-231.

WANTED: Young woman, attractive personality, recent college graduate, part-time secretarial services for veteran in hospital. Knowledge of shorthand and typing not essential. Two or three hours twice a week. Beginning $1.50 an hour. Box C-232.

DOWN IN FLORIDA a group of master cabinet makers are faithfully handcrafting Early American Furniture in the old traditional manner. Illustrated circular and price list 10¢ coin. Paul Bryant Workshop, Holly Hill, Florida. Visitors welcome.

FINE ARTIST, male, experienced in education, psychiatry. Degrees. Desires work. Box C-237.

POEMS WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR YOU. Any sentiment expressed, any length. Beautifully handwritten on heavy paper. $1 each four lines. Satisfaction assured. James J. Di Stefano. Box C-234.

ENGLISH AND OTHER SUBJECT TEACHERS WANTED. Librarians wanted. Start to $6,000. Free Registration. CITY SUBURBAN AGENCY, 550 Fifth Ave., NYC.

WANTED—YOUNG MAN, aggressive, selling position with well known New York book publisher. Retail experience preferred but not necessary. Salary open. Box C-236.

MALE, TEACHER, Ph.D music student, desires interesting summer position. Will travel. Box C-238.

HAVE ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLAR COLLECTION Classical Recordings Scores. Want permanent connection good music radio station-university-library-orchestra, etc., where collection knowledge music usable. Box C-239.

GOOD GIRL FRIDAY wants desk with good pay, likes Delaware Valley, U.S.A. Box C-242.

HELP! Two 12-year-olds need meals, moderate care during week. Family takes over weekends. Unusual opportunity pleasant summer private mountain lodge southern Vermont. Driver preferred. Box C-241.

COMPETENT VETERAN, 25, AB, MA (Education) desires challenging opportunity in industrial-educational relations or related field. Box C-243.

START A HOME Greeting Card-Gift Shop. Show friends New Idea Christmas, All Occasion boxed assortments, gift wrappings. Profits to $1 per box. Write for Feature boxes on approval, 64 Free Personal Christmas Card, Stationery samples, Free Catalogue, Sensational Free Offer. New England Art Publishers, North Abington M-727, Massachusetts.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES. Spanish Toros, French Riviera, etc. Lists for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

PERSONALS

Learn "BY EAR" with Dormiphone. While you sleep, amazing new scientific invention works for you. Revolutionary Dormiphonic tools give you a short-cut to learning languages, correct speech; memorizing facts, figures; ideal for self-improvement, relaxation, habit training. Saves time, effort. So simple, children benefit. Used by educators, psychologists. Write today for fascinating FREE book. No obligation. Modernophone, Inc., 322-077 Mezz., Radio City, New York 20,

CHARMING EXCLUSIVE MADISON SQUARE PARK—Attractive 1 room studio suites with full hotel service. MADISON SQUARE HOTEL, 35 Madison Ave., NYC. Transients from $3.50. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. LExington 2-6880.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondences or single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77 St., NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Art Objects, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16. MUrray Hill 5-4280.

WINDHAM COLLEGE with small classes and friendly instructors offers A.A. program in liberal arts, business administration, creative arts, laboratory technology and secretarial studies. Intercollegiate sports. Windham College, Putney, Vermont.

YOUNG WOMAN NEEDED, share expenses and fun of auto camping. Box C-249.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

MARY CALLERY, SCULPTOR, wishes sell three-acre Long Island property, 55 minutes from center Manhattan. Two houses, one including perfect studio. Each complete in itself. Full kitchen equipment in both. Fireplaces. Garage and storage shed. Panoramic windows. Raised terrace. Beautifully kept grounds. Complete baths in both. Whole property $65,000. Studio house and 1 acre, $35,000. Mary Callery, R.F.D. 2, Huntington, N.Y. MYrtle 2-6633.

HOME OF LATE HON. ROWLAND R. HUGHES overlooking beautiful Green Mountains in central Vermont. Approximately 65 acres, remodeled Cape Cod farmhouse, 9 rooms, 2½ baths. Two-car garage, stable, and barn. Landscaped lawn. Recreational facilities. Price $25,000. Henry A. Stafford, Bethel, Vermont. 4-4832.

LOVELY, HISTORIC SEA CAPTAIN'S Home, attractive grounds, at beautiful Yarmouthport, Cape Cod. Sacrifice to settle estate. Contact Mrs. Bertha Nickerson, Yarmouthport, Mass.—Forest 2-3609.

For Summer Rental

COMMUTING DISTANCE NYC: beautiful country; swimming near; housekeeping furnished rooms, suitable two adults; $100 month. Box C-244.

COZY NEW LODGE, Stoddard, N.H. 1600' elevation. 200 acres private woods. Fish, swim, quiet. Boat. Sleeps four. All electric. $60 week. Call evenings FOrdham 4-4937 (NYC).

WEST YARMOUTH: Waterfront 18th Century Cape Cod house. modern conveniences, sleeps five. $800 from August 1st. Shown by arrangement. Dr. Pavenstedt, 18 Hemlock Road, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Telephone: University 4-1693.

TRAVEL

TAKE A PLANE but have your auto waiting upon your arrival. We deliver cars safely anywhere in U.S. Bonded drivers. Low rates. Barclay's Ship-A-Car Corp., 580 Fifth Ave., NYC. PLaza 7-3914.

FABULOUS SOUTH AFRICA, visiting Kruger Park, Swaziland, Zululand, Natal, Pondoland, Transkei, Tzitzikama Forest, Knysna and Cape Province. All Expense, $1,575 from New York. Write: CORONET TOURS, 530 West 6 St., Los Angeles 14, California.

EUROPE 1958: ECONOMY CIRCLE TOURS; folders now available. 35, 44, 60 days in Europe visiting 12, 13, 18 countries with Britain, Scandinavia, Italy. $975.00-$1,195.00 with steamship passage. All meals, excellent hotels, luxury motorcoaches, theater, concerts, opera. No extra expenses. Tours experty conducted. MIDWEST Tours, Reidar Dittmann, Northfield, Minnesota.

VACATIONS

MUSIC INN at LENOX MASS. Close to Tanglewood and Johannes Brahms. Adjacent to Music Barn and Mahalia Jackson. Swimming, boating, bicycling, tennis, and the sound of silence, too. Write Stephanie Barber.

PEMAQUID SEMINAR: Reading, discussion, writing, recreation in an attractive lake-shore setting. $48 weekly. Write Albert McLean, Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE—relax amid scenic splendor, charming alpine chalet, superb food, sports. $45 to $60. Folder. Manchester, Vermont.

ARROWHEAD LODGE — EMPIRE STATE MUSIC FESTIVAL. Social, folk, square dancing, clay tennis courts. Sports. Informal. DEwey 2-4578 (NYC), Ellenville (NY) 502.

STONEGATE LODGE on Long Lake, N.Y. Informal Adult Resort. Concert Trio. Folk-Square Dances. Crafts. Tennis. Golf. Motor Boating. CIrcle 6-6386 (NYC).

PELICAN COVE—In unspoiled Florida Keys. Immaculate ocean-front apartments, beach, skin-diving, fishing, shelling, loafing. Improbable sunsets, impossible birds, balmy tropical isle. Literate, congenial company. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada, Florida.

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL. Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont. The Mastertons.

SPRING AND SUMMER ON farms and hotels welcoming children. Call LOrraine 8-0700 (NYC).

KINAPIC LODGE, Lovell, Maine. Modern cabins, Lake. American-Jewish Cuisine. Sports, beauty, Hi-Fi. $77 to $97 weekly. LOngacre 4-1690 (NYC).

THE LOG HOUSE, THIRTEENTH LAKE, North River, N.Y. Altitude 2,100 feet. 600 acres midst Adirondack Forest Preserve. Ideal for creative work, loafing, recreation. Cottages. Meals varied and best.

CORNWALL GUEST HOUSE, RD 2, Middlebury, Vermont. Southern food. Brochure available.

THE ISLAND VIEW HOUSE—Chebeague Island, Casco Bay, Maine. Friendly, relaxing, informal. For the artist or anyone seeking beauty, peace and quiet. Golf course—American Plan—Brochure.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

SHADOWOOD INN, Lenox, Mass. A small country inn in the Berkshires. Short walk to Tanglewood. Fine food, informal atmosphere, all sports. For details write The Rosenbergs, Dept. A., Lenox, Mass.

BIRCHWOOD INN, LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS for the discriminating vacationer. You'll feel at home and relax in the beautiful surroundings of an old New England estate with modern appointments. Home cooked food with an old world flavor, gracious service, large rooms designed for your comfort and pleasure. Birchwood Inn—the Inn with a personality. Write your hostess, Charlotte Wagner, or phone Lenox 363.

TUILAUVENT, Maple Road, Brewster, N. Y. 9-8106. Friendly, informal home atmosphere. No planned activities. Relaxation, reading, painting, in beautiful countryside, 50 miles from N. Y. Ideal for weekends and vacations. Open all year. Attractive, sunny rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates.

TEELA-WOOKET AUTUMN RIDING CAMP. August 29-September 11. Ride Beautiful mountain trails in Roxbury, Vermont. Expert instruction if desired. Swimming, golf, tennis. Excellent meals. Also Archery and Dance Camp. C. A. Roys, Box R, Roxbury, Vermont.

RELAXING, CONGENIAL, UNIQUE — what SR readers want: Beautiful outdoors, fine food, good music, ideal lake activities, usual sports. Rustic Lodge, cabins on a sparkling Berkshire lake. A "hideaway" for professional and business people. CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASS. Folder S.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Beautuiful vacationland 2,000 feet high midst the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, congenial companions. Private swimming, Sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; Luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lakes nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a colonial farmhouse. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1216

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Panegyrist.	138 85 8 76 129 103 162 23 195
B. Any trailing bramble which impedes progress in the bush of New Zealand.	71 148 56 106 119 159
C. Abbreviation for the graduate degree, Doctor of Letters.	126 92 171 140 187
D. The part of a human being nearest the seat of life (2 wds.).	57 93 30 3 47 11 117 77
E. The tenth point of the sermon will be along next.	13 165 139 90 59 185 27
F. Appropriately; suitably.	44 108 53 183 32 84 149 137 176 16
G. Space for action.	72 184 147 192 163 6 26 48 10
H. Cutthroat.	82 51 141 70 156 39 101
I. In law, the "clear" one is the final certain opportunity of a defendant to avoid inflicting injury; U.S. far western town and famous frontier saloon (2 wds.).	67 28 102 58 166 145 36 160 38 99
J. Harmonized (2 wds.).	81 52 188 64 41 94
K. What the difficult customer keeps saying of articles offered (4 wds.).	61 9 98 174 18 24 112 127 120 31 49 181
L. A bright pink (colloq.).	107 97 179 191 150 89 79 83
M. Pope at the time of Alaric's sack of Rome.	95 180 116 151 197 146 69 63
N. Syrian tobacco port established as republic, 1930.	29 121 37 62 198 86 154
O. The order being changed (2 wds.).	80 161 73 110 4 45 20 194 132
P. Shameless boldness.	186 157 152 133 50 40 144 170 143 91
Q. Mending with new fabric again.	65 175 46 87 172 88 131 22 2 96
R. One suffering loss of voluntary motion.	168 128 182 60 177 7 74 1 153
S. Abominate.	125 158 66 17 167 54
T. Yearly allowance.	136 111 135 12 68 115 173
U. Woven or capable of being woven.	43 100 104 34 78 155 21
V. Higher than the elephant (2 wds.).	105 189 5 35 42 123 55 114 164
W. Quinquagesima Sunday (2 wds. opening the Introit).	190 130 15 142 193 75 113 124
X. Special individual accommodation for guests of a hotel; successful comedy in N.Y., 1937 (2 wds.).	169 134 196 118 122 33 25 109 14 178 19

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 R	2 Q	■	3 D	4 O	5 V	6 G	7 R	■	8 A	9 K	10 G	11 D	12 T	13 E	14 X	15 W
16 F	■	17 S	18 K	19 X	20 O	21 U	■	22 Q	23 A	■	24 K	■	25 X	26 G	27 E	28 I
29 N	■	30 D	31 K	32 F	33 X	■	34 U	35 V	36 I	37 N	■	38 I	39 H	40 P	41 J	42 V
43 U	■	44 F	45 O	■	46 Q	47 D	48 G	49 K	50 P	51 H	52 J	53 F	54 S	55 V	■	56 B
57 D	58 I	59 E	■	60 R	■	61 K	62 N	63 M	64 J	65 Q	66 S	67 I	■	68 T	69 M	70 H
71 B	72 G	73 O	74 R	75 W	76 A	77 D	■	78 U	79 L	■	80 O	81 J	82 H	83 L	84 F	85 A
86 N	87 Q	■	88 Q	89 L	90 E	91 P	■	92 C	93 D	■	94 J	95 M	96 Q	97 L	98 K	99 I
100 U	101 H	■	102 I	103 A	104 U	105 V	106 B	—	107 L	108 F	109 X	110 O	111 T	■	112 K	113 W
114 V	115 T	■	116 M	117 D	118 X	119 B	■	120 K	121 N	122 X	■	123 V	124 W	125 S	126 C	127 K
128 R	129 A	■	130 W	131 Q	132 O	133 P	134 X	135 T	■	136 T	137 F	138 A	139 E	140 C	■	141 H
142 W	143 P	■	144 P	145 I	146 M	■	147 G	148 B	149 F	150 L	■	151 M	152 P	■	153 R	154 N
155 U	156 H	157 P	158 S	159 B	160 I	161 O	162 A	■	163 G	164 V	165 E	166 I	167 S	■	168 R	169 X
170 P	171 C	172 Q	173 T	■	174 K	175 Q	176 F	177 R	■	178 X	179 L	180 M	181 K	182 R	183 F	184 G
185 E	186 P	187 C	■	188 J	189 V	190 W	■	191 L	192 G	193 W	194 O	195 A	196 X	197 M	198 N	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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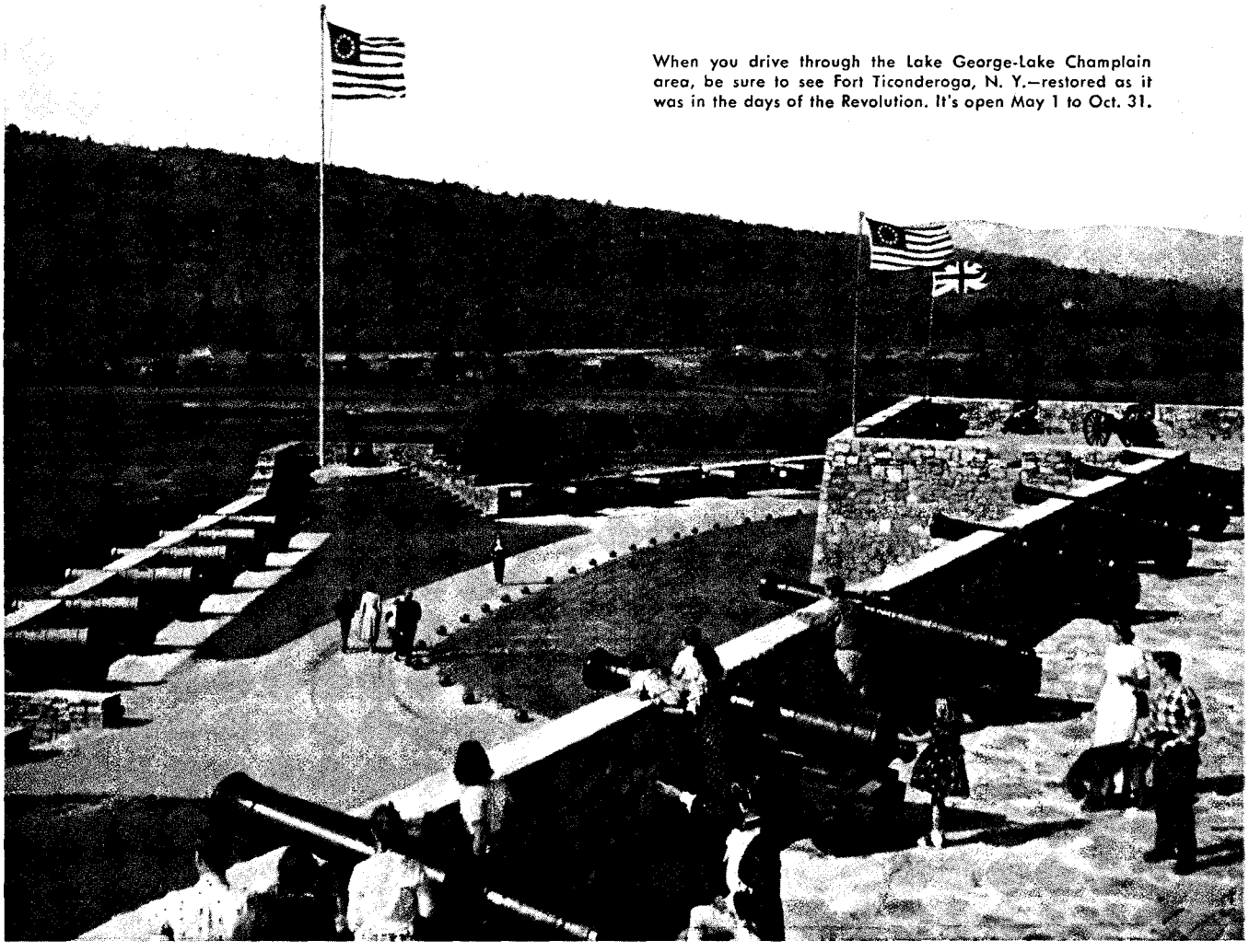
When you drive through the Lake George-Lake Champlain area, be sure to see Fort Ticonderoga, N. Y.—restored as it was in the days of the Revolution. It's open May 1 to Oct. 31.



Fort Ti—where a big man turned the key to a continent

Ethan Allen was a big man. Big in stature . . . big in his belief that every man should be free.

Early on a May morning in 1775, Col. Ethan Allen led his Green Mountain boys across Lake Champlain, and captured Fort Ticonderoga. Hammering on the fort's door, he roared for surrender "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." His victory greatly encouraged the Colonists in the struggle for freedom and gave them control of a vital water route – key to a continent.

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It's been 182 years since Ethan Allen pounded on the door at Fort Ti, but the echoes have never died. You could hear them at Anzio and Iwo . . . at Inchon and Omaha Beach. The Colonel would be mighty pleased to know that Americans are still willing to wade ashore in the fight for freedom.

FREE Tour Information

If you would like to visit Fort Ticonderoga, or drive anywhere in the U.S.A., let us help plan your trip. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Corporation, 600 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y. – also ask for our colorful National Parks Map.

SINCLAIR SALUTES THE FORT TICONDEROGA ASSOCIATION...for maintaining Fort Ticonderoga, with its beautiful grounds and vast collection of Colonial objects, as a living page of early American history. Under the direction of John H. G. Pell, the work of the Association is a striking example of how private organizations throughout the U.S. are restoring and preserving landmarks of significance for all Americans.

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